National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

VOL. XIV. NO. 13. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853. WHOLE NO. 689.

Published weekly, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 Nassau-street, New-York. Terms, Two Dollars per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & Johnston, printers, No. 21 Spruce street.

Selections.

MR. PRIME IN ENGLAND.

From the London Morning Advertiser.

Our readers will probably recollect that, in anticipation of the last May meetings, we felt it our duty to call the attention of the Bible Society to the pro-slavery character of a gentleman who was sent over to this country, as a delegate to Exeter Hall, from a similar institution in the United States.—We refer to Rev. S. I. Prime, a thorough-going pro-slavery American divine—the editor of the *New York Observer*—a paper which had distinguished itself by its attacks on Mrs. Stowe, and its zealous defence of the odious thing which the pro-slavery party generally mean when they speak of their *institution*.

It was a great insult to the liberty-loving people of this country, and especially to the members of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to send a man who has the dishonour of being a pro-slavery advocate among us as one whom we were expected to receive with cordiality and treat with respect. This person was not a little irritated when we directed attention to his position in relation to Slavery, and when we did our share to prevent his receiving that cordial treatment which a British audience is always ready to award to eminent persons from distant countries. This prime mover to the opposition given to Mrs. Stowe in America presented his credentials to the Bible Society: but his voice was never heard on its platform, nor, we believe, on any other religious or philanthropic platform in this country.

It appears, however, from an interesting Washington paper, which has just come to hand, that if Mr. Prime was not honored in one way, he was in another. According to his own account, he was seated at breakfast one morning next to one of the Admirals of the British Navy. This gentleman asked him a very business-like question. He wanted to know whether Mr. Prime thought there was any danger of war ever springing up between our two countries. Whereupon Mr. Prime said he thought there was. He was surprised, and asked the reasons which justified such a sentiment. "I (says the gentle and meek divine) told him that the rancour and contempt with which American principles and *institutions* are treated in this country, are irritating American people, and the work of alienation is hastening every day." This was not bad of the disappointed Yankee parson. It was a delicate way of saying he thought his nation would perhaps take up the cudgels in the quarrel, and blow us all out of the water, because he and a few more of his class were not allowed to astonish the natives in Exeter Hall.

This gentle divine is by profession a minister of peace, and it is his duty "to quench the coals of growing strife:" and accordingly, finding he had the ear of the Gallant Admiral, "Do you know, Sir, I enquired" (these are his own words), "that the President of the United States was hissed by four thousand British Christians, in Exeter Hall, last night!" And, let it be observed, that these hisses have been all reported in the United States, and put into print by this truly meek Mr. Prime. Long ago they have been watted to the ear of the President, and all for a good purpose, no doubt.

Now we know a little more of Mr. Prime than we knew of him at first, when we said he should not be heard on one of our platforms. It appears, from his own language that *from* his irritation he would not be sorry to see a war spring up between the two countries. What a *casus belli* we should have in the provoking fact, that the Rev. Editor of the *New York Observer* came to London with a first-rate speech, corked and bottled, ready to astonish the natives, and that he was allowed to go back as he came.

If this was not exactly what the reverend gentleman meant—if he did not suppose the two countries were going to war about him or his undelivered speech—he may, perhaps, mean to say that his case might be partially the cause of the disruption, into the causes of which might enter the slights shown to others of his order, and the four thousand hisses at the President. Really this gallant parson is a man of mettle, very sensitive and not very forgiving. Still he will allow the people of this country to think for themselves about his institutions, about the pro-slavery character of his President, and to give, as they are accustomed to do, expression to their views, and not to withhold the utterance of their sentiments, even when American Presidents come before them the patrons of an inhuman and abominable system.

This man seems to think the people of this country are to hold their peace, in reference to the most gross outrage that can be inflicted on humanity, and that if "the sum of all villanies" is upheld by himself and others of his class, and especially by his President, that we are to sit still and close our lips with as much awe and servility as prevail among the clergy and the public men in the South. Mr. Prime is completely mistaken. The people of this country will not be overawed and gagged, as are the dependents of slaveholders in America. They will not be slaves, even though Mr. Prime should tell tales upon them, and the British Admiral should be surprised and grieved, and Mr. Prime himself, in his meek and quiet way, should stir up the embers of strife between the countries, to avenge the slight put upon him by a people whose cordial attentions will never be given to the advocates of Slavery and the villifiers of Freedom.

EGYPT NOT ALL DARKNESS.

The southern portion of the State of Illinois is settled generally by people from the South, and, whether from the ignorance of the settlers or from some other cause, it is known as Egypt. The name is patent to this portion of the State, and it is supposed by many that it was to conciliate the prejudices of the Egyptians that the Black Law of the last Illinois Legislature was passed. During the recent session of the Universalist State Convention, at St. Charles, Ill., two resolutions were introduced by the Business Committee—one strongly favouring the adoption of the Maine Law, and calling upon all good Christians to support it; the other equally pointed in opposition to the "Black Law." The Maine Law resolution passed without objection; but when they came to that against the "Black Law," a report of the proceedings says:

"A worthy divine—a Mr. Mc somebody, of McHenry county—seeing that a large number of the Convention were from the southern part of the State, rose in his seat, and said he was sorry that the resolution was presented; he was opposed to mixing up politics with religion; there were members from the southern part of the State, who could not support it; it was extremely wrong to throw in a firebrand to disturb the peace and harmony of the Convention. He thought that the law was a judicious one, right in itself, and hoped that the resolution might not be pressed upon the Convention."

This was too much for the Convention to stand, and,

"Upon taking his seat, a long straight, six-feet-three Kentuckian rose deliberately, and after letting his eye wander over the assembly, finally fixed it upon the gentleman from McHenry, and said: I am extremely glad that I attended this Convention. Owing to the distance from my home to this place, it was some time before I determined to come. But once here, and after the remarks of the brother who has preceded me, I feel amply repaid for having travelled three hundred miles. I have travelled almost continually during the last six months, mostly in the southern part of this State, have mixed freely with all classes of people, and I have come to this convention to hear a man, from one of the most northern counties of the State, stand up and defend a law so infamous that it *cannot find a single apologist in all Egypt!* I would not have failed attending this Convention for five-hundred dollars, since I should have missed the spectacle of a man—a minister of the religion of Christ, who brought peace and good will among men, defending such a monstrous piece of iniquity as the Black Law of the Illinois Legislature of 1853. The old Kentuckian then turned to the Convention, and spoke upon the resolution for the space of half an hour, in a very impressive and eloquent manner; and when the question was put upon the passage of the resolution, not a dissenting voice was heard. The gentleman from McHenry was 'as a sheep before his shearer, dumb, so he opened not his mouth.'"

So may all doughfaces be rebuked, when they palter to prejudice and display their servility.—*National Era.*

A GREAT CHANGE IN A SHORT TIME.

"One pre-eminence we may fairly claim over the nations of Europe," said an American the other day, in conversation with an Englishman. "When changes take place in the opinions or habits of our people, they are made in far less time than in the old world, whether they be for the better or the worse." "Generally for the better," was the courteous reply.

It is not a very long time since, in this city, the mob stormed Chatham Street Chapel, drove out a peaceful assembly of men and woman, and obliged two of the principal persons in the assembly, the Rev. Dr. Cox and Mr. Arthur Tappan, to hide themselves from the frantic violence that threatened their lives. The mob, as our readers will recollect, was not composed of labouring men; it was called at the time, by way of eminence, the genteel mob; the persons of whom it was made up wore, for the most part, fine broadcloth coats and unexceptionable shirts. The meeting broken up was an Anti-Slavery meeting. The mob was instigated by New York merchants, and the New York *Courier* was employed in the work of stimulating the rioters to the work of illegal violence. For some time after that event, any man who should be bold enough to attempt the getting up of an Anti-Slavery meeting in New York would have been suspected of privately having an eye to the crown of martyrdom.

Since that time Dr. Cox has changed his views concerning the cause in which he was then so zealous, and has become a public defender of the Fugitive Slave Law. But this not the change of which we meant to speak.

In the very street to which the mob were led on their brutal errand, a little north of the Chatham Street Chapel, and very near it, is the National Theatre, Chatham Street Theatre, as it is frequently called, and here an Anti-Slavery meeting, numerously attended, is held every night without the slightest attempt to break it up, or even to disturb it. Uncle Tom's Cabin, dramatized, is represented on the boards of this theatre—the plot is very faithfully preserved, the speeches animadverting upon Slavery are not omitted or minced. Crowded houses weep at the pathetic parts; and when there is any well-sounding declamation about liberty, they applaud till the walls shake. For three weeks this piece, with all the characters, the events, and the catastrophe of the original narrative unchanged, has been played every night without any apparent diminution of the public interest in it.

The people who attend these nightly meetings do not wear clothes made by the most expensive and fashionable tailors, as did the genteel mob of which we have been speaking, but they have strong arms, and it would be dangerous to attempt to eject them from the theatre. If the attempt should be made, the assailants would be knocked down as fast as they came in, or would get soundly drubbed outside, and piled in the gutters by the way.

But, to do the genteel mob justice, there is no disposition on their part to break up these meetings. There is not one of those who once surrounded Chatham Street Chapel with murder in their hearts, who would now acknowledge that he was there in any other character than a looker-on. All classes in the community see that the free expression of opinion is not to be put down in this way; but that on the contrary, any unpopular cause or doctrine acquires popularity, gains friends, and is recommended to the public sympathy, by the very violence which is used to put it down. The example to which we refer has taught a lesson which long will be remembered. Those who were engaged in that outrage, if they do not repent of it as wrong, are at least ashamed of it as foolish. Political toleration at this moment stands upon a firmer basis than it has stood at any time for the last thirty years. Professed politicians, for the most part, perhaps, are yet servile—there is something in their profession which disposes them to servility—but, out of that class, the freedom which is exercised in the expression of opinion on all public questions is so complete in this community that we are not sure that it can possibly be enlarged.—*Evening Post.*

ABOLITIONISM DRAMATIZED.

We remember, about thirteen years ago, the Freeman's Hall in Philadelphia was burned down by a mob, the authorities of that city apparently winking at the outrage. Judges on the bench consoled themselves over the outrage because the Union was saved. We are reminded in the following paragraph from the *Post* of a similar state of feeling on the same subject once existing here:

"It is not very long since in this city the mob stormed Chatham street Chapel, drove out the peaceful assembly of men and women, and obliged two of the principal persons in the assembly, Rev. Dr. Cox and Mr. Arthur Tappan, to hide themselves from the frantic violence that threatened their lives. The mob, as our readers may recollect, was not composed of labouring men; it was called, by way eminence, the genteel mob; the persons of whom it was made up wore, for the most part, fine broad-cloth coats and unexceptionable shirts. The meeting broken up was an Anti-Slavery meeting. The mob was instigated by New York merchants, and the *New York Courier* was employed in the work of stimulating the rioters to the work of illegal violence. For some time after that event, any man who should be bold enough to attempt the getting up of an Anti-Slavery meeting in New York, would have been suspected of privately having an eye to the crown of martyrdom."

The *Post* is right in dilating upon the great change of public opinion which allows an Anti-Slavery meeting to be held every night at the National Theatre, for such is the performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin dramatized. Having no admiration for our minor theatres, we do not attend them, but did go by exception to that establishment to see the famous African put on the stage. The effect of the piece on the audience was what most interested us, and we took a seat in a stage-box so as to witness the play of countenance of the crowd in pit and boxes. The pit was composed exclusively of men and lads without coats or waistcoats. In the full insouciance of such costume they crowded it, a curious parallel to the toilets of the opera parquet. The boxes generally had auditors in careful attire; but one young mother who suckled her baby in the dress-circle presented a naif parallelism with the b'hoyism of the pit.

The overture commenced. It was a melange of negro airs summoning up Southern recollections. That finished, the curtain rose. The piece is essentially the same as the novel, except that some scenes are omitted, and some characters introduced for the broad humour deemed necessary to placate the audience in question. We are at once introduced to the scene between Shelby and Haley; Eliza and her child flying, Uncle Tom refusing to go; and the first act concludes with the frantic mother and her little boy making their escape on the ice. This was the earliest tableau, and the pit and boxes were unanimous in their applause. The "b'hoys" were on the side of the fugitives. The pro-slavery feeling had departed from among them. They did not wish to save the Union. They believed in the higher law.

So, too, in the pursuit of George Harris, when he makes his escape, and the pursuing party are entrapped and held down in a cellar, the shirt-sleeves were in a frenzy of applause; they "hey-heyed," stamped, shouted, and gave vent to the most vociferous feeling, all because a slave had escaped from his master. And the scene where Fletcher confronts Loker on the rocks, and the fugitives are saved, met with triple salvos of approbation. In all the allusions, too, to human rights, in the assertions of the value of personal responsibility, the claims of labour to reward, there was a vehement response all over the house, but especially from that part in shirt-sleeves.

The play is a veritable *piece de mouchoir*, a *comedie larmoyante*—for tears were freely shed by the audience. Men, women and children had their eyes suffused regarding the miseries of humanity, as depicted in the annals of the poor, the despised, and the oppressed. The touch of nature was a true Abolitionist: it abolished the prejudice of colour and caste—of fits of patriotism which would make the peculiar institution the "corner stone of freedom," according to McDuffie—of that wry-necked retrospection which looks exclusively to the past for sanctions, and fears the problems of the political present and future as the yawnings of a drear and dismal eternity. A strong, healthy sentiment was visible throughout, on the part of the public. They begin to think, spite of the pusillanimity of commercial churches and trading every-day life, which look to vested interests for morals instead of charity, the basis at once of religion and republicanism.

No mob would have dared to disturb the Abolition party at the National Theatre. It was composed largely of the stuff which demagogues acting under oligarchs have used for the purpose of burning down halls destroying printing presses, assaulting public speakers, intimidating, striking, killing. Now that is changed, at least in Chatham street. Here, opinion is safe. Here, the Union-saviours with bludgeons are cowed. Here, cowardly authorities need not be invoked in vain to sustain liberty of speech or action. Here, the strongest form of Abolition-teaching—that of the drama, its scenes palpitating with versimilitude, whether of life or death, stirring up the deepest founts of our common humanity—presenting in dress, look, action, locality, sequence and combination, the rare story which has shaken the heart of Europe and America to its centre, reconstructed the statistics of successful authorship, overarched the ordinary forms of international courtesies by ignoring diplomacy and exalting the private person, created an European interest in the entire workings and products of our native mind, and shown the force of a simple appeal to our higher nature, in a manner without rival or parallel in the whole range of human history.

We would add that the *mise en scene* and costumes of Uncle Tom dramatized show a large and growing artistic perception in the arrangements of our theatres. The observance of proprieties of dress and the selection of characters physically representative of the ideas personated would have done credit to the French stage. Of course a certain latitude must be allowed for the ridiculous in certain characters. The appearance of Mark constituted a study in itself. The painting of his face, and his hat, coat, trowsers, altogether were an inspiration. Legree was the perfection of mere ruffianism, in looks and manner, and his bearing at the slave-mart constituted one of the best moral lessons of the evening. To see an apparently real slave mart, men and women, each taking his or her turn standing on the block to be sold—to hear the easy professional tones of the auctioneer dilating on "a serviceable article, quite given to piety"—to see the kicks and lashes inflicted on the articles, the handlings of the quadroons, the meanness, misery, swagger, brutality, and the all-ferocious, ungodly, crushing, overwhelming wrong of the system is equally a dramatic and historic novelty in this city: it is a great lesson; a forum, rostrum, pulpit, press, a crying for liberty, and for the abolition of all that degrades, dishonours and enslaves the race.—*Tribune.*

THE SLAVE CASE AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Our readers all remember the afflicting case at Indianapolis, detailed lately by Mr. H. W. Beecher, of a man of most respectable character and worth, possessing a wife and several children, and with ample property for their support, arrested and imprisoned on the claim of a Methodist preacher from Missouri, setting forth on his oath that the man was his Slave, and had escaped nearly twenty years ago, and ever since had lived as a free man. It was a strong illustration of that peculiar feature in Mr. Fillmore's Fugitive Slave Law, which allowed no *laches* or lapse of time to bar the claims of a Slaveholder—on the well known principle that, as they are our sovereigns, *nullum tempus, occurrit regi.* By agreement of parties, the hearing on the claim was postponed for sixty days—the man being refused bail, though offered to any amount, and compelled to pay $3 per day to the United States marshal for guarding him in jail. The last number of the *Western Christian Advocate* brings us another interesting chapter in the case, which we copy entire:

"INDIANA CORRESPONDENCE—FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

"All the friends of humanity, who have heard of this exciting case, will be glad still to be posted up on the progress of events in reference to it. The trial was put off sixty days to give time to procure evidence on both sides. Ellington has been hunting up evidence, and in order to identify Freeman, he was allowed to examine some scars upon him. This was not permitted to be done by the Court, but was done by the authority of our United States marshal. Mr. Ketchum, Freeman's attorney, went to Georgia, where Freeman lived many years, to get evidence in his favour. He returned to-day, accompanied by a venerable gentleman, named Leroy Patillo, from Monroe, Georgia. Mr. Patillo, accompanied by a few friends, and the counsel for Ellington, went this afternoon to the jail. Freeman knew nothing of their coming till he saw Mr. Ketchum. He seemed glad to see him, and did not notice particularly the rest of the crowd. At last he was asked if he knew Mr. Patillo; he raised his eyes and looked full in the face of his noble benefactor, and then calling his name and grasping his hand, the poor prisoner wept aloud. The good old man was completely overcome. All present were deeply affected at this affectionate recognition, and all were glad that thus the fraudulent and desperate attempt to rob this man of himself had so gloriously failed. Mr. Patillo talked some time with Freeman. All present were perfectly satisfied that the man was free. The counsel for Ellington, for the sake of our common humanity, I do hope will now work some plan to get Freeman out of jail. His persecutors ought to be severely punished for perjury and kidnapping. It now amounts to a moral certainty, that a free man has been wickedly deprived of liberty, and confined in a loathsome cell for weeks and months in a free State for no crime whatever. What punishment will be meted out to the diabolical villains that have perpetrated this infernal outrage? Will they escape justice? Alas! alas! there is no justice in the Fugitive Slave Law, and I fear this crime will pass without its reward. The poor victim will have no redress. Well, thank God for the hope of a glorious day of judgment, when all will be tried and judged according to the eternal laws of God!

"Mr. Patillo is a noble specimen of the true Southerner—a generous, magnanimous, Christian gentleman. He loves God and humanity, and seems to be full of the milk of human kindness. God bless the dear old man, who has left his home and friends in the sunny South to rescue a fellow-being from bondage and death! Ten thousand hearts, I know, will respond, 'Amen!' I have often noticed, that our pro-slavery men in the free States are the most cold-blooded, inhuman, heartless wretches, who feel a fiendish joy in seeing a negro abused or oppressed, while in the hearts of many Southerners they will find the strongest sympathy. Mr. Patillo informs me that great interest is felt in Monroe for Freeman. The people there are indignant at this cruel prosecution. Glory to God! the light is spreading. I shall sleep most sweetly to night, and shall try to love God more, who takes care of the poor prisoner. How, think you, dear reader, will Freeman's wife and little ones feel to-night, while the joyous mother tells of the good white man who came from the land of Slavery to save their father from woe—bitter, life-long woe?

"A feeble type of Jesus. Jesus came to save us when we were Slaves. He opened our prison doors—he gave us life for death—joy for grief—hope for despair—and heaven, while we deserved hell.

"And I most earnestly pray that God would by his boundless love, save—if possible—the hardened and polluted men who have been engaged in this infamous and malicious attempt to *steal a man.* I hope no new development of political villainy or hypocritical pretence will call for castigation for some time to come, and will just say that, since Mr. Patillo has come from Georgia on this mission of love, I have more faith in human progress, more faith in God, and more faith in my liberty-loving countrymen."

"I shall not trouble you any more with this case, unless something peculiarly interesting should occur

"B. F. Crary.

"*Indianapolis, July* 21, 1853."

INCIDENTS OF SLAVERY.

[The *Tribune* translates from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the following passages from M. Ampere's Sketches of Travel in the United States.]

I was present not long ago at a hideous scene. I forget all the arguments against the immediate overthrow of Slavery. I have just seen a family of blacks sold at auction, at noon-day, in the public square of Charleston. They were placed on a cart, as if for punishment; a red flag was hoisted at their side—fit emblem of crime and slavery. The negroes and negresses had the same indifferent air as the people who were looking at them. The auctioneer, who, I was told, was well received in society, praised in a bantering way the qualities of a negro, "very intelligent, and first-rate gardener." The purchasers went up to the men, women and children, opened their mouths, and examined their teeth—bidding then took place, and the bargains were struck off. Twenty steps off, precisely in the same manner, they were selling an ass. A horse was also put up. The price of the man was $69; the horse cost $2 more.

* * * *

The day commenced with these horrible impressions—was finished on a slave plantation. This was the afterpiece following the tragedy. The owner of the plantation is a German, the least cruel and the least tyrannical of men; he seemed to me literally oppressed by his blacks. M****, who is human, is unwilling to beat his slaves. The slaves, by no means grateful, labour with great carelessness and indolence. When he entered a cabin where the negroes were employed in cleaning cotton, he merely showed them how bad their work was done, and explained to us how much damage was caused to him by their laziness. The result of these observations was wry faces and a little grumbling. Remonstrances addressed by an old bachelor to his housekeeper were never worse received. M**** said to us, "you see how I tyrannize over them." I was sincerely moved by the humanity of this man, but I could not help replying to him, that what he complained of was still an argument against Slavery. He could have compelled hired labourers to do their work well, by threatening to discharge them; but with slaves there is no alternative but to use the lash or suffer from their idleness.

TRAVEL BY THE UNDERGROUND LINE.

There have been four more arrivals within the last few days on the Underground Railroad from Kentucky, and among the list of passengers was the trusty porter of a slaveholder, who came away in such a hurry that he forgot to leave the key of his master's store.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

The negro-catchers are after a bright complexioned mulatto, aged 22 years, named George Blunt. His pursuers, dating from Baltimore, Aug. 4, say that the fugitive was last seen at a bush meeting at Timonium, on the Susquehannah Railroad, July 17. He has a wife in Pennsylvania or New York, to whom he is making his way.—*New York Tribune.*

$1,000 Reward.—Who will claim the prize? On last Sunday, hand-bills, signed "J. M. Allen," and dated "Louisville, July 25, 1853," offering a reward for three runaway chattels, were freely distributed about town. One of these "things," it seems from the bills, was a husband and father, about thirty years old; another was a wife and [illegible] going in it glided just beyond them. An instant more and they took [illegible] broad river, and sent up a glad and defiant hurrah, that was heard above the roar of the cataract. They reached in safety a soil which is truly free.

Surely our country presents a spectacle which should cause us all, but especially the Christian, to tremble. We boast that the oppressed from all lands may flee unto us and find rest and protection, while the unoffending citizens, the native born of our own Republic, must seek their only safety in flight to a foreign shore. Fellow-Christian, how far are you implicated in this system of outrage upon human rights? What are you doing to abolish it? How are you aiding to undo the heavy burden, and let the oppressed go free? Can our nation be safe while this dreadful wrong continues unrebuked by the churches?—(*Cin.*) *Chris. Press.*

COLOURPHOBIA IN NEW YORK.

The American Pariah Again.—We were yesterday witness to another specimen of the workings of the "peculiar Institution." While passing up the Bowery, in one of the Third av. Railroad cars, between one and two o'clock, P. M., yesterday, a coloured woman, respectably dressed, and accompanied by a little boy, requested to be admitted to the car. The Conductor stopped his vehicle, and the woman was about to enter at the after part of the car, when she was ordered to get upon the front platform, which she did. A number of places being vacant, she ventured to take a seat within the car, when the Conductor ordered her to stand on the fore part of the car, or she should not ride at all. This she did. A young man present inquired if he might be permitted to offer her his seat, to which the Conductor replied that he would not. We asked him if the company sanctioned such treatment of women of colour. He replied that some official in the office, at Sixty-first st., had, the day before, ordered two coloured women, who wished to ride down, to stand on the front of the car, or they could not ride at all, and he (the Conductor) took that precedent for a rule.

—In contrast with the above we may state that on the previous evening we rode down Broadway in a stage, with eleven other persons—eight males and three females—two of them being a coloured man and his wife. No objection was made, nor did their presence seem to give offence to any one. The reason probably was, that the occupants were ladies and gentlemen. Had there been even one foul odorous, drunken loafer, with a white skin concealed beneath his chronic filth, and a breath as offensive as the stench of a bar-room slop tub, his "dignity" would have been offended, and a row would have ensued. Such is the difference between the gentleman and the ruffian.—*Tribune.*

More Ruffianism on Board a Brooklyn Ferry Boat.—Yesterday, about 11 1-2 o'clock, A. M., as the *Manhattan* Ferry-boat was leaving her slip at the foot of Fulton street, Brooklyn, another of those disgraceful scenes, which have of late become so common on these boats, occurred in the presence of many disgusted passengers. A respectably dressed coloured man, accompanied by two coloured women, one of whom was his wife, attempted to pass through the ladies' cabin to the forward end of the boat.—The passage-way of the boat was blocked up with vehicles, and the only way for women to pass was through the ladies' cabin. The coloured women were allowed to pass, but immediately the man attempted to follow them, he was—not ordered back—but seized by the collar by the captain of the boat, and forcibly thrust back. The negro again came forward and asked to be allowed to follow his wife. The captain then clutched him by the throat and sent him reeling. Two or three rowdies who were present applauded, but a loud murmur of disapprobation arose among the respectable portion of the passengers. The captain grew excited, and behaved like a ruffian. He again and again sent the coloured man reeling, till at last, notwithstanding the tears of his wife, they were driven off the boat.—They repaired to the boat in the next slip, where they were allowed to take their seats in the ladies' cabin. We made inquiries of the authorities, and learned that it was optional with the captains of the Fulton Ferry boats to allow coloured men to walk through the cabin or not, as they (the captains) were disposed.

Vermin-dropping beggars—low rowdies—the worst characters with a white skin, may sit and elbow a lady in silk or satin, in those cabins—nothing is said to *them*. But if a decent man with a coloured skin only wishes to *walk* through the cabin, he is clutched by the throat, and sent reeling. Does the Company know this fact? We have inquired, and are assured the Company does not know it. Then why do they tolerate ruffians in their service?—*Daily Times.*

Serious Affray between a Party of Fugitive Slaves and their Pursuers.—We learn from persons who received their information from citizens of New Petersburgh, situated in this county, ten miles northeast of this place, that on Friday or Saturday last, a party of men, three of whom were Kentuckians from Mason and Fleming counties, and two Ohioans, passed through that village in pursuit of three slaves, the property of one of the party, named Pierce, and another owner. It seems they had information which led them to believe that the slaves were on the route through New Petersburgh to Greenfield, but they had not yet crossed Rattlesnake Creek, which runs about a mile east of Petersburgh. From Petersburgh there are two roads leading to Greenfield, one of which crosses the creek over a bridge, and the other by a ford, about half a mile further up. Three of the pursuing party stationed themselves at the bridge, and two at the ford, and awaited the coming of the slaves. The party at the bridge had not waited long, when the slaves, two men and a woman, made their appearance, escorted by a white man and boy, as guides. As soon as they were fairly within the bridge, which is a covered one, the Kentuckians sprang upon them and a desperate fight ensued. The negroes, it is said, were armed with guns, pistols and knives, and defended themselves bravely. The particulars of the affray, however, are not yet definitely known, but the result was, that one of the negroes was captured, after being severely wounded, and the other two, with their white companions, made good their escape. Pierce, the owner, it is said, of the captured negro, was severely hurt, having been nearly choked to death in the struggle to secure him. The desperate nature of the affray may be judged from the fact that the broken britch of a gun and pistol was found on the spot, and the ground was covered with blood. As soon as it was over, the Kentuckians lost no time in leaving for home, taking their captive with them. —*Hillsborough (Ohio) Sentinel.*

A Race for Liberty.—A gentleman of our acquaintance relates to us the following, which took place under his own eye at Niagara:

He was standing on the steps of one of the principal hotels there, when a carriage drove up, containing a Southerner and his party. In front of the hotel stood a mulatto woman, talking with her husband, while several coloured waiters were also there employed in their various duties. As the man stepped from the carriage, his eye met that of the woman, and on both sides there was instant recognition. He advanced toward her with the salutation, "how do you do, Martha?" extending his hand. She shrunk back, fearing that if she took the proffered hand, she would be detained by its grasp. He pressed toward her, while she retreated, and finally turned and run. The Southerner then howled out that he would give a hundred dollars to any one who would arrest her.

Several were brutal enough to start like hounds in pursuit. But her husband sprang to her side, and the waiters interposed between them and the pursuers, and all rushed toward the river. The woman outran them all, even the husband, and plunged down the ferry stairs by hops instead of steps. A single boat lay there, while she could not push it off. In a moment her friends were at her side again, while the pursuers were hurrying down the steps. She sprung into the boat, followed by her husband, others seized a handspike and applied it to the boat, it moved, and as several hands were reached out to help her, she was drawn beyond their reach. Her husband was left on the shore, but she was safe. The boat was soon in the middle of the broad river, and sent up a glad and defiant hurrah, that was heard above the roar of the cataract. They reached in safety a soil which is truly free.

Surely our country presents a spectacle which should cause us all, but especially the Christian, to tremble. We boast that the oppressed from all lands may flee unto us and find rest and protection, while the unoffending citizens, the native born of our own Republic, must seek their only safety in flight to a foreign shore. Fellow-Christian, how far are you implicated in this system of outrage upon human rights? What are you doing to abolish it? How are you aiding to undo the heavy burden, and let the oppressed go free? Can our nation be safe while this dreadful wrong continues unrebuked by the churches?—(*Cin.*) *Chris. Press.*

COLOURPHOBIA IN NEW YORK.

The American Pariah Again.—We were yesterday witness to another specimen of the workings of the "peculiar Institution." While passing up the Bowery, in one of the Third av. Railroad cars, between one and two o'clock, P. M., yesterday, a coloured woman, respectably dressed, and accompanied by a little boy, requested to be admitted to the car. The Conductor stopped his vehicle, and the woman was about to enter at the after part of the car, when she was ordered to get upon the front platform, which she did. A number of places being vacant, she ventured to take a seat within the car, when the Conductor ordered her to stand on the fore part of the car, or she should not ride at all. This she did. A young man present inquired if he might be permitted to offer her his seat, to which the Conductor replied that he would not. We asked him if the company sanctioned such treatment of women of colour. He replied that some official in the office, at Sixty-first st., had, the day before, ordered two coloured women, who wished to ride down, to stand on the front of the car, or they could not ride at all, and he (the Conductor) took that precedent for a rule.

—In contrast with the above we may state that on the previous evening we rode down Broadway in a stage, with eleven other persons—eight males and three females—two of them being a coloured man and his wife. No objection was made, nor did their presence seem to give offence to any one. The reason probably was, that the occupants were ladies and gentlemen. Had there been even one foul odorous, drunken loafer, with a white skin concealed beneath his chronic filth, and a breath as offensive as the stench of a bar-room slop tub, his "dignity" would have been offended, and a row would have ensued. Such is the difference between the gentleman and the ruffian.—*Tribune.*

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Power of Caste.—We happen to know of three occurrences which took place in this city last week, which most palpably illustrate the power of caste among us, while they shame to the utmost our intelligence and our humanity. In two different instances, cleanly and well-dressed coloured men were treated, by the employees on the Fulton ferry boats, with a rudeness and brutality which they would not have ventured to use toward the dray horses on board. In one case a husband was forbidden to conduct his wife to a seat, and such was the treatment he received otherwise, that both felt obliged to leave the boat. In another case, one or more persons were refused admission into an omnibus simply because of their colour.

It happened to us, last week, to be on board a small steamboat for an hour, which was well filled with passengers, the larger portion of whom had a shadow on their complexion; but it never occurred to us that our fellow voyagers were any the less agreeable to us on that account. We suffered no annoyance from them whatever. But on returning to the city the same day in a stage, it was our misfortune to be compelled to ride, if at all, in company with two who pass for white men, but the redolence of whose uncleanliness savoured of anything rather than the fragrance of "Araby the blest." We would a thousand times sooner repeat that trip by steamboat than that stage ride.

How long shall it be a reproach to us that prejudice against colour is stronger than our sympathies for the wrongs of the oppressed.—*Independent.*

To the Editor of the New York Daily Times:

The notice in your paper of the 4th inst. of the rough treatment of a respectable coloured man, accompanied by his wife and another coloured woman, on board of one of the Fulton ferry-boats, by the captain of the boat, induces me to mention another case at the same ferry, and probably by the same captain.

One morning last week, (I think Thursday morning,) a member of the Third Presbytery of New-York, in good and regular standing, and at present the Moderator of that Presbytery—a clergyman and a Doctor of Divinity—was rudely ordered out of the ladies' cabin by the captain of the boat. And for what? Only because he is a coloured man. And who is he? Rev. Dr. Pennington, a pastor in this city, settled over, and ministering to, a large number of men and women, who are in our families and at our firesides daily. Yet this worthy and good clergyman may not sit nor stand in the ladies' cabin of a ferry-boat, which is the common carrier of all men sober and otherwise. But perhaps the captain will say that the place for negroes is in the *gentlemen's* cabin. That which is called the gentlemen's cabin on board of these boats is not a suitable place for a gentleman, whether he be white or black. The cabin is filled with smoke and smokers, and the floor is often wet with the juice of the *weed*. Well do you say, that "vermin-dropping beggars," low rowdies, the worst characters with a white skin, may sit, and elbow a lady in silk or satin, in those cabins; but if a decent man with coloured skin only wishes to walk through the cabin, he is clutched by the throat and sent reeling. You might have added that dogs, too, are admitted to ride with gentlemen and ladies. The writer saw a gentleman and lady enter a car on the Fourth-avenue Railroad, within the last few days, and their dog sat and rode between them.

Dr. Pennington cannot ride in a car, or in an omnibus, in this city, unless the driver will *condescend* to let him sit or stand by his side. How long will the citizens of this great and noble city allow such men as Dr. Pennington to be treated worse than the canine species? More than one gentleman present protested against the treatment of Dr. Pennington on the ferry-boat, and the general sentiment of bystanders appeared to be in opposition to it. Equity.

A Manly Voice in the Pulpit.—The Rev. Samuel Longfellow, now of Brooklyn, L. I., recently preached a sermon on the opening of a new place of worship by his society. The discourse has been published. It is much above the ordinary character of productions of this sort, and shows a mind that is earnest, independent, upright, and constrained to its work by a love of humanity. He says to his people:

"The pulpit must be quick to feel all injury done to man, and must state strongly the application of Christian principles to the condemnation and removal of existing evils. It must not be silent when a great wrong like Slavery, in our country, is causing untold misery, lowering the moral tone of the community, and involving us in all its meshes; or when intemperance, supported by social customs and men's selfish cupidity, is making its terrible havoc—brutalizing bodies and demoralizing souls, desolating homes and crowding prisons; or when, side by side with the growing wealth of our great cities, there is growing a permanent pauperism, its awful shadow the home of heathenism, the shame of our Christendom: or when the very system by which this wealth is accumulated is founded upon an unchristian principle, organizing competition and antagonism instead of co-operation and brotherhood.—The politician and economist may regard these questions solely in their material bearing—the pulpit must show their religious and moral, their Christian and humane life. It must not avoid them through fear of agitation, or through love of peace. It must show men how to treat them with earnestness and fidelity, yet with justness and charity, too."

The *Columbus (Georgia) Times* thus endeavors to apologize to its Southern readers for Gen. Pierce's appointments of Free Soilers to office:

Free Soil Appointments of President Pierce.—In the distribution of local offices at the North, it is frequently impossible to avoid giving them to Free Soilers. The only recourse left to the President in appointments for such places is to give offices to Free Soilers or leave them vacant. It is well known at the South that every State at the North, except one, instructed its Representatives in Congress to vote for the Wilmot Proviso. It is equally well known that every prominent Whig north of the Potomac is or was a Free Soiler, and that the very few politicians who escaped the contagion belonged to the Democratic party. "No administration, therefore, can exist in this country for a day which refuses to give some offices to Free Soilers."

The Free Soilers ought to be gratified, and the Southern Unionists, we think, will be somewhat startled, at this astounding admission of the strength of the "Free Soil" element, in the Northern States. According to the *Times*, there are not as many Hunkers up here as there are Post Offices and ports of entry!

fixing a penalty upon bringing into the State any negro who has been, for the two years previous, within any State where an insurrection has occurred.

He also regrets the necessity of bringing to their notice a recent law fixing severe penalties against teaching slaves, or permitting them to be taught within the State. He says it was the fruit of "unwise agitation in the free States." His next reminder is made without any regret. It calls their attention to a statute against "idle, wandering white men, without visible calling, or honest means of support, or any one to vouch for character." These latter cases we supposed came exclusively within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch. We are happy to learn that the civil courts are proposing to divide the business with him.

So much of Judge Perkins's charge as relates to Slavery, runs as follows:

"Slavery—that is, the whole or partial deprivation of particular individuals of certain rights—has existed in all ages and nations. It is implied, to a certain degree, in the very idea of government; and whether it be the government of one man over all his fellows, or a great many different men over their fellows, and whether the authority be exercised in the relation of State and subject, father and child, master and apprentice, or master and slave, it varies only in degree. In each case, men by their birth, or from circumstances over which they have no control, incur on the one side dependency, and on the other authority. Now, there are no rights without corresponding duties, and the right of property in the labour of another, accompanied with obedience and submission, imposes at the same time the duty of protection and good government.

"In proportion as these rights are recognised, and these duties discharged, these relations of State and citizen, parent and child, master and apprentice, and master and slave, are attended with blessings, or the reverse. The relation of master and slave, along with these other relations, existed before the revolution, in each of the thirteen colonies. England introduced the negro into the other States against the remonstrances of the colonists, just as France did into Louisana. We have been born into existing institutions, and assumed, with the other obligations, those resulting from the existence of Savery in our midst. We must discharge them. The three million Africans in this country are elevated far above the native heathen, their ancestors, when they first landed on these shores.

"They have been in a degree civilized and Christianized. When kept from idleness and drink, protected in their rights, and treated as the law directs, their condition compares favourably with the labouring class of any other country. When deprived of these guarantees, their condition is pitiable indeed. There has been so much unjust abuse of the slaveholder, and such scandalous misrepresentations of the laws of Louisiana with reference to the treatment of slaves, that I can understand how difficult it is for you, as grand jurors, to preserve such feelings of indifference in the midst of denunciation as to enforce the statutes of our State for the protection of the negro, with the zeal your natural impulses would prompt.

"You should recollect, however, in the words of a distinguished judge of South Carolina, Judge O'Neal, that 'the first law of Slavery is that of kindness from the master to his slave,' and that it is as much your duty to protect the negro from the evil effects of fanaticism as from anything else. He is our dependent, and looks to us for protection, and interest and humanity both require that kindnes be enforced and inculcated by law. So considerate is the law of Louisiana on this point, that it makes it the duty, not only of every judge and grand jury, but of every private citizen to whose knowledge their ill treatment comes, to report it at once to the nearest magistrate, whose duty it is to keep himself informed of the treatment of the negroes within his district, and enforce, 'by every means in his power,' the humane provisions of our law. As this court is given especial jurisdiction in much that concerns the police of this class, and is particularly required to bring to your notice certain statutes, I would remind you of that one affixing a penalty to the introduction into the State or the subsequent sale or purchase of a 'Statu Liber,' or one who is entitled to his freedom after a certain period—or of one who has been convicted of a capital crime, or who has ever been accused of insurrection, or who has resided in any county or any State where there has been an insurrection within two years.

"Self-protection requires that this statute be rigorously enforced. It was passed at a time when public attention was alarmingly directed to the subject, and the necessity for it still exists.

"The first legislature that met in this State passed a law that negroes should be well fed and clothed, comfortably housed, taken care of in sickness, 'with temporal and spiritual care,' supported in their old age, not brutally punished, nor cut nor mutilated, nor sold away from their children when no longer able to work, nor a mother separated from her child under ten years of age: that they should have their Sundays free, or if made to work on that day, be paid for their labour. Nearly half a century has passed, and these provisions are still the law of Louisiana. They had been sanctioned by repeated decisions of our Supreme Court, been enforced by juries, and have become so far incorporated into public sentiment, that scarce a greater reproach can be made a citizen than that of cruelty to his slaves. For although our law regards negroes as property, it also deals with them as human beings; and one of the most beautiful decisions of the late Supreme Court, delivered by Judge Porter, declares the slave to be the property of the master for lawful, 'not for immoral or inhuman purposes.' In the newspapers of this State, so far back as 1806, there are advertisements of the sale of negroes by public authority, because of ill treatment from their owners.

"To make, however, the humane provisions of our law effective, it is necessary to enforce rigidly those statutes that require a free man to reside permanently as overseer on every plantation; that permit no one to receive articles for sale or deposit from a slave, or to sell to or buy from him anything, without the written consent of the master; nor under any pretence whatever, to give or to sell him liquor. I call your attention to a most stringent law on this subject, passed last year.

"There are several penalties in our law against the hiring of a runaway, or the concealing or aiding to conceal a negro from his master; against the persuading or carrying off a negro, or the aiding or advising another person to carry one off; against any one who shall, by word or action, or in any way whatever, encourage or advise a slave to insurrection against his master or the government, or who shall write or distribute anything tending to discontent among the free coloured people, or insubordination among the slaves; or who shall, in public, from the bench, the pulpit or the bar, or in conversation, public or private, use language, signs or actions having this tendency; or shall knowingly be instrumental in bringing into this State any persons, pamphlets, or books, incendiary in their character, or shall teach or permit, or cause to be taught, any slave in this State to read or write.

"This last statute, opposed to the spirit and unknown to our early legislation, and comparatively of modern date, it is my duty to bring to your especial attention. I do so, but with pain at the fact of unwise agitation in the free States having caused its enactment. In this connection, I would remind you of the statute against idle, wandering white men in our midst, without visible calling or honest means of support, or any one to vouch for character."

A BISHOP'S PAY AND PERQUISITES.—The Bishop of Durham is in embarrassed circumstances, poor man! His income having been reduced to about $40,000 per annum (it was formerly about $120,000), he finds himself in a state of pitiable destitution, and has applied to the ecclesiastical commissioners for an additional $5,000 a year to pay his "gamekeepers" and "watchers on the moors," and keep his lawns—not the lawn he wears, but the lawns around his palace—in apple-pie order. The commissioners decline to make the extra allowance, more because the "Lord Spiritual" has already overdrawn his account some $350,000 since his salary was cut down; or, rather, has retained that amount instead of paying it over like an honest prelate. In the diocese of Durham there are dozens of poor curates, with wives and families to support, who do not receive £50 sterling per annum; and yet the Bishop, in his schedule of extras, puts down the annual wages of one game-keeper at £101 6d., and of another £78 6s. 6d. Saving his lordship's game, therefore, is considered a more valuable and important service than saving the souls of his lordship's flock. The estimation in which his lordship holds carnal luxuries as compared with things spiritual is also manifested in another part of his "little bill." He puts down the expenses of his parks at £1,001, but modestly charges only £15 for those of his chapel! That blessed institution known as the "Church of England" is based upon a system of the most monstrous inequalities. If the piety and good works of its humble clergy did not set off the ungodly capacity of its hierarchs, it would be in peril of the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A SLAVE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.—It is not generally known that there is yet living, near Cookstown, a slave of General Washington. He is 124 years of age, and can walk six miles a day. He is so old, that his fingers and toes are nearly all white. He belonged to Washington when he owned what is called Washington's Bottom, on which Perrypolis now stands.

GOV. SEWARD is to deliver the address at the formal opening of the Capital University, at Columbus, Ohio, on the 14th September.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

. *All communications for the paper and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are hereby notified that a semi-annual meeting of the Society will be held at SYRACUSE, N. Y., in Wieting's Hall, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Sept. 29th and 30th. As this is designed for the special accommodation of our Western coadjutors, as well as for the furtherance of our cause generally, it is hoped that a full representation will be present, in the spirit and with the zeal of primitive Abolitionism. Every effort will be made by the friends in Syracuse to give a hospitable reception, as far as practicable, to those who may come from a distance. There will be no lack of able and eloquent speakers. The first meeting of the series will be held on THURSDAY, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

EDMUND QUINCY, S. H. GAY, } Secretaries.

JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION.

At Syracuse, October 1, 1853—*Second Anniversary.*

THE Second Anniversary of the Rescue of the man Jerry, from the hands of Kidnappers, at Syracuse, on the first day of October, 1851, will be duly celebrated in this city, on Saturday, the first day of October next.

The invitation is to all lovers of justice and kindness throughout the land. That Rescue was the most signal and emphatic vindication of the absolute supremacy of law that has ever occurred in America. Its beneficent influence, in awakening kind and genial sympathy in man for his fellowman, enduring wrong unutterable, is beyond human computation. It is a bright star of hope to the oppressed in all the nations of the earth. It is the key-note to the Song of Universal Freedom. It is an exemplification—worthy of imitation on every spot on this broad earth—of the glorious American doctrine, that "*Resistance to Tyrants is obedience to God.*"

W. L. CRANDAL, J. W. LOGUEN,
THOMAS W. WHITE, JAMES FULLER,
JOSEPH SAVAGE, ELIZA FILKINS,
LYDIA SAVAGE, *Committee.*

Syracuse, August 15, 1853.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY DRAMA.

IT is not often that we see the inside of a Theatre; not that we regard the drama as sinful—far from it—but life with us is too earnest, too full of solemn reality, to allow much time for amusement of any sort. Every day brings for us a weight of care that taxes our full strength, and the evening generally finds us too weary for social enjoyment. We are convinced that this system of "all work and no play" is very bad, and sometimes we resolve to discard it, but we seem predestined to be a drudge by a law above our mere volition. Perhaps it is only the law of habit. If our readers discover in us any of the "dullness" which the old proverb speaks of, they will be at no loss, after this frank acknowledgement, to account for it. If they are at all inclined to be anxious on our account in consequence of this confession, it may perhaps afford them some slight relief to be told that the Anti-Slavery Drama at the National has proved itself potent enough, on two different occasions, to lift us out of the rut of habit and make us oblivious for a time to the plodding cares and multiplied vexations of editorial life; and verily this statement, now that we think of it, is of itself no mean tribute to the power of the play, albeit it may not seem quite modest in us to say so.

Yes, we have seen "Uncle Tom among the Bowery Boys." The phenomenon of an Anti-Slavery Drama at the Theatre usually termed the lowest in our city offered attractions quite sufficient to overcome both our scruples and our prejudices. It will not be thought strange that we went at first to such a place—the very Nazareth of the city's piety and respectability—with strong doubts if any "good thing" *could* come out of or be found in it; but we had read the testimony of the *Times*, and were determined to see, hear and judge for ourselves, with all the candour that we could summon for the occasion.

We cannot describe the play, and indeed it is not necessary that we should, since we have given our readers the benefit of the *Times*'s, the *Tribune*'s and the *Evening Post*'s *critiques*. It is enough for us to say that the descriptions given by these papers are generally very accurate and by no means exaggerated; at any rate, they excited in us no anticipations, and no hopes even, that were not fulfilled. Making fair allowance for some things pertaining to the current style of dramatic representation, especially in a Theatre intended, like the National, to cater to the tastes of what are usually termed the "lower classes," the play is worthy of the story on which it is founded. If a Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society had been employed to arrange it with a view to make it as effective as possible in impressing upon the minds of the spectators the Anti-Slavery sentiments and the religious principles inculcated by Mrs. Stowe, the work could hardly have been better done. The characters are for the most part well conceived by the dramatist and well sustained by the respective actors; Uncle Tom, George Harris and Eva especially. The part of Eva is played by a beautiful little girl, five or six years old, whose acting is so perfectly natural as to make one forget that the story is a fiction. The part of Shelby is poorly done, but, as he appears only once, and the rest of the play is so good, the deficiency is of little consequence. Topsy could hardly be more faithfully represented.

The house is thronged night after night, and it is encouraging to note the effects of the play as they are exhibited in the countenances of the spectators. The cat-calls and whistling so common in the pit are heard but rarely, the ragged urchins and the coatless men who fill that part of the Theatre being evidently subdued into sympathy with the slaves whose wretched lot is so faithfully depicted before them. The boxes are filled in good part with those who witness theatrical representations but rarely. We noticed each time when we were present a mother with her infant in her lap, reminding us of an Anti-Slavery meeting in Ohio, and once we saw a Quaker under a brim of most Orthodox breadth, who, probably for the first time in his life, had found an exception to the rule of his sect which forbids attendance at "places of diversion." We hope the Monthly Meeting, if it shall call him to account, will deal leniently with him, for verily the temptation, operating upon a warm Anti-Slavery heart, and a mind long famished by sectarianism, was not easy to be resisted. If we are summoned as a witness in the case, we shall not hesitate to testify that the National Theatre, as at present conducted, is exerting an influence more favourable to religion and sound morals than that of any popular Quaker meeting that we know of. It will be a great day for our country when the Christianity of the American pulpit and meeting-house shall have risen to the level of that now being taught and illustrated in the Chatham street Play House. Slave-catching Commissioners will then have lost their vocation, and the gospel according to St. Beelzebub be no longer taught in the name of Christ. When the Church plays the part of the Priest and the Levite, we must be permitted to welcome the Good Samaritan even though he makes his appearance in the Theatre; and when the clergy hold their peace in view of the atrocities and the miseries engendered by Slavery, let us be thankful that the stones have found a way to cry out.

We are sorry to say that the coloured people are not, like the whites, allowed to sit where it "liketh them best," when they wish to see the play of Uncle Tom, but even in this respect the Theatre is in advance of many of the Churches, which locate the Negro Pew in the place least favourable for sight and hearing, for a convenient parquette has been fitted up for their special accommodation, where ladies can go without liability to insult or annoyance. This is not as we could wish, but it is, perhaps, all that we can reasonably expect at present. When the lesson of Uncle Tom's Cabin shall be fairly impressed on the public mind, all distinctions of caste will be abolished. We hope to live to see the coloured actors in this great drama personated, not by white men with faces besmeared with lampblack, but by real negroes, mingling on terms of equality with white associates. Not until then will the full power of the drama be realized.

THE statesman who congratulated himself that he was "the best abused man of his time" ought, that he might have a fuller and perfect sense of the enjoyment of that distinction, to have been an "Old Organised" Abolitionist. To be cordially hated by partizan enemies is satisfactory on the whole, a matter of congratulation, especially when the hatred is born of fear; to be a subject of dislike to one's *un*-friends may sometimes, from the same cause, be a gratifying fact; but the enjoyment is only complete when a straight-forward, uncompromising conduct secures the enmity of foes, of former friends, and of those who still profess to be friends and coadjutors. This distinction eminently belongs to the "Old Organization," and we trust that, at least, nobody will find fault with them that therein they take some comfort. Why the distinction belongs to them, and why they accept it, without hesitation, we shall not stop now to inquire, our present purpose being merely to present a late instance of it, under circumstances where it was hardly to be looked for.

There is here and there a point of neutral ground on which it is supposed all opponents of Slavery may stand, and, for the time being, without question of each other's motives, or criticisms of each other's measures, except in some singular cases. The First of August is one of these. Everybody who thinks Slavery, on the whole, rather a bad thing, may rejoice that, a little while ago, nearly a million of Slaves were emancipated by act of Parliament; and though everybody may disagree with everybody else as to the best means to bring about a similar jubilee in this country, they may agree to disagree on these points for half a day or so, and shout together for the fact accomplished. Even "Old Organization" might be let alone on such an occasion, and the delinquent sinner, letting the opportunity of attack pass by, hope that the recording angel would drop a tear upon the entry of his sin of omission. These "best-abused" people meet on such occasions, not specially to destroy all Government, to overthrow the Church, to uproot religion, to abolish the Bible, to undermine morality, to make women men, in short "not to put too fine a point upon it," to raise the devil generally, but merely to rejoice that the black people of the West Indies are slaves no longer. On this occasion they stick to the one original *ism*, Anti-Slavery, and give all the other *isms*, of which it is, or is charged with being, the fruitful mother, the go-bye. Then at least, they might hope to have a peaceful time of it, and have for one day in the year, the credit of being what they really are. But who can measure the bounty or the purposes of nature? Who can give us a reason for the existence of those myriads of insects that, all this summer-time, devour our fruits, our flowers, and our grains, and almost devour ourselves? As in the natural world, so in the moral world. There are pests everywhere, and we are no more free from them on our Anti-Slavery Sabbaths than we find our gardens and our houses rid of annoyances on the seventh day of the week.

There is somewhere hereabouts a man who writes to the *National Era*, and he went—at least, he says so—to Flushing on the 4th of August. Now, we do not know what sort of people read that paper; but if they are as Anti-Slavery as they ought to be, this writer, one would think, might have catered to their taste by saying some hopeful and pleasant thing, if such a thing could be said about the Flushing meeting. It was, it seemed to us, a fact as encouraging as new, that New York people alone could get up such a meeting—that several hundreds of the people of this cotton-smothered city should think the anniversary worthy of commemoration, and that the Union-savers of Wall and South Sts. should permit it to be commemorated. It would have been no great stretch of charity in the *Era*'s correspondent to have reminded his readers that here was a hopeful fact new-born, and he might, without tasking his imagination, have described the gathering as a pleasant one, distinguished by perfect harmony, by warm though tempered enthusiasm, by hearty feeling, especially by that perfect spontaneity and freedom from all restraint which marked it as a meeting of the people, exempt from all leadership and dry-nursing. But the eyes of this writer were not annointed for such a sight. If he went to pray, the spirit of scoffing was too strong for him, and he saw with a jaundiced vision, and came away with an unbelieving mind. First he complains of the place as "inaccessible." Doubtless, the Park or Washington Square would be a good place for a pic-nic, but it not being an easy thing to secure them for Anti-Slavery purposes, it strikes us that a beautiful and quiet grove within an hour's sail of New York is hardly to be found fault with. He thinks that "other circumstances" prevented a larger attendance, but without stating more definitely in what this mismanagement of the Committee consisted. "The orator of the day, Mr. Greeley, was not on hand;" a correct assertion as regards Mr. Greeley's absence, but quite false as regards his oratorship, and conveying, therefore, an altogether erroneous notion that the meeting signally failed in fulfilling a promise. Mr. Garrison, moreover, was favoured to please this fastidious auditor, who notes that this is the second time that he has listened to that gentleman when he was neither a bear nor a hyena. He was "equally surprised" on that former occassion—namely, the Hale dinner—to find that Mr. Garrison really knew how to behave himself when in decent company. Mrs. Rose also he is pleased to commend, and then he names the other speakers, of whom the last two were Messrs. Van Rensselaer and Wilkins, both colored men. And here the "chiel" makes three damning notes, namely: first, that they were the only coloured speakers; secondly, they were the last speakers; and thirdly, they were introduced as persons "who desired to say something;" and now comes the conclusion, which we should all lay to heart, that any one might thence infer a disposition in the non-voting friends "to avoid the responsibility of amalgamation"! To be sure, people who know better, he acknowledges, might not think so; but then it is clear he knows no better, for he immediately complains of, and comments on, the fact that no coloured persons were on the platform.

Now, is it worth while for us to say, by way of commentary on this splenetic narration, that the two coloured men spoke when they chose to—that no other coloured men spoke because there were no others there who wished to speak—that no coloured men were on the little Platform because it comfortably held precisely three men, the President, the Secretary, and the real and acknowledged orator of the day, Mr. Garrison? Perhaps it is needless to say this, but we may properly call attention to the fact that the meeting was opened by prayer from a coloured man, and that an important and responsible part of the services was conducted by a coloured man, and none of the 'non-voting friends,' that we know of, hesitated to amalgamate their voices with his, and with those of his coloured choir. As the *Era*'s correspondent says nothing of these facts, we put them in as a counter-plea and in mitigation of punishment.

It *is* true—and we will not shrink from the responsibility involved—that the President did introduce Messrs. Van Rensselaer and Wilkins as persons "who desired to say something." We have not asked Mr. Wetmore what he meant by this unusual form of introduction, if it is one, but we presume his answer would be, that these persons said they had something to say, and he took them at their word. Indeed, such was the freedom and informal character of the meeting, that that really was the case with all the speakers. Each of them said to the President, 'I have a few words to say to the audience,' and the President replied, 'say it,' and announced the intention. But it is quite in keeping with the spirit of this correspondent's letter that he attempts to make this seem an invidious distinction between the coloured and white speakers, though he afterward complains that *all* were introduced in this manner, and adds that, for himself, "so embarrassing would have been such a refrigerator and seemingly invidious form of introduction, it would have required a much more than ordinary 'movement of the spirit,' or some very important end to be accomplished, to induce me to break silence after it." We wonder now if we have not here got at the milk in the cocoa-nut? Perhaps this good Mentor meant to make the woods of Flushing vocal with the music of his own eloquence, but a secret consciousness told him that any effort of his, of that sort, would hardly bear out the President's assertion that something was really to be said by the speaker. Is it '*hinc illæ lachryma*'?

The letter concludes with a hope that these "*kindly* suggestions may prove serviceable on future like occasions"; and we close an article, already longer than it should be, except for its application to the like cases that occur so frequently, by asking if it is worth while by such captious cavils as these of this letter—even supposing them well founded—if it is worth while to jeopard the moral influence of any well-meant Anti-Slavery meeting in a community where hitherto almost any demonstration against the great enemy has been either dangerous or impracticable?

THE REPORT OF THE FLUSHING CELEBRATION in our last has awakened a deep interest in many places. The speeches of Mr. Garrison especially have been read with unmixed pleasure by thousands. The following letter, no doubt, expresses the feelings of many beside the writer.

To the Editors of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

I was delighted with Garrison's speech reported in your last number. I do not think that Webster (excuse the word) or Everett, Ciceronian as he is, ever made a better, rhetorically considered; to say nothing of the god-like and ennobling principle which pervades it and sanctifies every syllable. Truly it was chain-lightning.

In the perusal, my mind reverted to an essay which you lately copied from some Southern press, shadowing forth that the whole earth is before long to be the inheritance of the man-stealing saints; a new edition of Millerism, adapted to the meridian of Charleston. Although I do not believe in the Devil, except as he exists in misguided and desperate men (where there is plenty of him), I could not but recal some of the contests which poetry and the stage have imaged between beauteous fairies and ugly sorcerers, bright beneficent angels and brimstone imps of the nether pit. It is an ancient quarrel and seems likely to go on in some shape for some time. It is at present between Uncle Tom and Legree; Eva waves her wand, and

> "Instant a glorious angel train descends,
> The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
> Sweet Love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
> And with seraphic flame compassion blends,
> At once delighted to their charge they fly."

Whether, with these allies, we beat or not, there is positive pleasure in the combat, especially before the good side is encumbered with the help of the *condottieri* corps of wretches who hold to no principle of freedom except the majority principle.

The keen and brave encounters of Mrs Rose with the Carolinians were capital. Indeed the *tout ensemble* of your celebration, including the letters, was extremely creditable, and cannot fail to be helpful to your new society and to our whole host. I would like to have it in a pamphlet. L.

THE Rhode Island *Freeman*, a Free Soil journal, has been attacked with great bitterness, and charged with propagating infidelity, by Rev. J. M. H. Dow, of Providence, who, it seems, was at one time its friend and agent. The charge, so far as we can learn from Mr. Dow's excited and passionate statements, has only this foundation, viz.: that the editor of the *Freeman* has spoken of the delinquencies of the church and clergy with the same freedom that he has used in his dealings with the political parties. This freedom is very distasteful to Mr. Dow, who, it is evident, regards the clerical fraternity as too sacred and solemn a body to be treated like common, unordained humanity. If Mr. Harris were ever so much an infidel—of which we have seen no reasonable evidence—he could not do half so much to disparage Christianity as is sure to be done by the example of a professed minister, like Mr. Dow, who works himself into a tempest of wrath, and seeks to destroy an Anti-Slavery newspaper because its utterances do not always square with his creed. The *Freeman* does not belong to our school of Anti-Slavery, and has more than once, as we think, treated those with whom we are associated with great injustice; but in this conflict with clerical bigotry and sectarian intolerance it has our heartiest sympathy. We hope the great body of the Free Soil party in Rhode Island have too much common sense and too much genuine religion to allow a newspaper devoted to their cause to be clamoured down by such men as Rev. J. M. H. Dow and his backers.

☞ Humanity would seem to require of us the publication of the following paragraph. The poor man to whom it refers may perhaps have been driven into insanity by persecution waged against him for his opposition to Slavery. We have good authority for believing that oppression may make even a wise man mad.

INFORMATION WANTED.—William Nott left his home in Mt. Solon, Augusta Co., Va., in July last, and when last seen was in Chambersburg, Pa., on his way to Canada. He was for the last few years insane, but for the twenty-five years previous a useful minister of the Gospel. He is a man about 50 or 60 years of age, and probably a little over six feet high; stoop-shouldered; hair very gray; shabbily dressed, and apparently much broken down in body by age and mental affliction. He imagines himself pursued by enemies seeking his life for his heretofore fearless opposition to Slavery, and said he would only be safe in Canada. He left a respectable family and connection of relatives who are totally unacquainted with his whereabouts. If the above person is taken and confined, he will be sent for and all necessary expenses paid, upon the receipt of the intelligence of his whereabouts. Address DANIEL FUNKHOUSER, Chambersburg, Franklin Co., Penna.

. Papers throughout the United States and Canada will confer a favor by copying the above.

THE [London] *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for August has just reached us. It contains a large amount of information, condensed, with rare judgment and skill, into a very small space. It deals with American Slavery in the way best calculated to enlighten and guide to wise ends the public sentiment of Great Britain. Its sketches of the Abolition Movement in the United States, its expositions of the action of our various popular sects, its statistics respecting Slavery and its workings, and its exposures of pro-slavery clergymen, from this country, travelling in Great Britain, all evince a thorough acquaintance with the great question of our age, rare powers of discrimination, and a heart alive to every ennobling sentiment. We never take up a number of the *Advocate* without feeling deeply grateful to the friends who established so valuable a channel of intercommunication between the Abolitionists of Great Britain.

THE UNDERGROUND LINE.—The reports which reach us from week to week show that the travel on this line is increasing. See the first page for examples.

BIOGRAPHY OF ISAAC T. HOPPER.—We copy on the fourth page of this week's paper a notice of Mrs. Child's Life of our venerable friend, the late Isaac T. Hopper, knowing that very many of our readers are anxiously waiting for the work and will be glad even of this little foretaste of it. The work is not yet fairly published, but is looked for daily, and will, very likely, be for sale before these words are printed. *The Tribune* was furnished with an early copy to announce, by a review, its immediate appearance. That paper's estimate of the good man's character is just and discriminating, though hardly doing justice, we think to his merely intellectual power. We copy the article, however, more for the extracts from the book, than for the sketch of the subject; and by those will be seen how faithfully and completely Mrs. Child has accomplished her labour of love.

HOT WEATHER.—Never before, within our experience, was there such a "spell" of hot weather as that which the people of this city and vicinity endured from Tuesday morning, the 9th, to Sunday evening, the 14th inst. The thermometer ranged during this period, between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M., from 90 to 102 degrees in the shade! The heat was so extreme as to cause the death in New York, Brooklyn and Williamsburgh of nearly 300 persons, most of them Irish labourers. Most of them, probably, were either unacclimated, or in the habit of using intoxicating liquors. One hundred horses are said to have dropped down dead in the harness, during the same period. We hear of an unusual mortality in other cities and places from the same cause.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CASTE IN NEW YORK.—We have grouped together on the first page a number of paragraphs from different city journals, which afford indubitable evidence of the existence in this community of that disgusting moral disease which has been appropriately named Colourphobia. It is encouraging to find that the manifestations of this malady are beginning to attract the notice and call forth the denunciations of the daily press. These denunciations, if repeated often enough, will in time awaken a public sentiment that will cure the evil.

TEMPERANCE.

THE friends of the cause in Wisconsin expect to secure a large majority for the Maine Law at the next election.

——THE State Prohibitory Liquor Law Convention met at Lancaster, Pa., on the 9th inst. The meeting convened in the "Big Tent." There were over three thousand persons present, and great enthusiasm prevailed.

——Mr. BARNUM (the Museum man) is a capital temperance lecturer, always sure to hit the nail on the head. While he was speaking at Cleveland lately, a caviller interposed with the question, "What shall we do with all the *grain* that is now required for distilling?" "Feed the drunkard's wife and children with it—they have gone hungry long enough," responded Barnum.

——THE *Olive Branch* (Norristown) says, the prospects for the Maine Law in Pennsylvania were "never before half as good as at the present time. In all parts of the State the people are alive, and conventions and mass meetings are held everywhere. The people seem determined to have it. If we can elect prohibitory delegations from Bucks and Montgomery Counties, to the next Legislature, the Maine Law is *certain* to pass the next winter. Let the people remember this."

——LUCY STONE gave a temperance lecture, in a grove on Smith's Hill, near Providence, on a recent Sunday afternoon. The R. I. *Freeman* says: Full two thousand persons were in attendance; and many who never believed that woman could or ought to speak to a promiscuous crowd confessed they had found a solitary exception. In concluding her deeply impressive address, she alluded to the exclusive course pursued by the leaders in the Convention held at the brick church in New York last May, and urged upon the people the duty of choosing delegates from this State and city to attend the World's Convention on the first and second days of September.

——"WOMEN," said an active and influential temperance man to us the other day, "are doing twice as much as the men to promote the cause in New York." It is so elsewhere. The Michigan *Temperance Advocate*, speaking of the recent struggle in that State, says:

In Leoni the ladies went to the place of voting, distributed votes, labored with the opposers of the law, and succeeded in convincing many of the error of their ways.

In Tecumseh the principal ladies of the village organized and appointed Committees to induce the voters of the town to go and vote for the law, and they rendered efficient service to the cause.

In Grand Rapids a Committee of two hundred ladies attended the election, and electioneered for the Maine Law.

In Detroit ladies visited the stores and places of business distributing votes, and politely inviting the gentlemen to vote for the law. One Irish woman led her intemperate husband to the ballot-box and saw him vote "yes."

In many other places in the State the ladies were equally active in behalf of the good cause. God bless them!

——Ohio is all alive with excitement about the Maine Law. A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes as follows:

All issues are now lost in one great social and moral question—that of the abolition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. The leaders of the Temperance Reform are determined to try what can be done for Temperance by the most stringent Legislation, and, knowing that they have the greatest whisky interest in the Union to overcome, they are making arrangements on a corresponding scale. In many districts—especially Northern—the people now manifest an earnest desire to obtain such arrangements against the traffic. Conventions to nominate legislators who are right on the Temperance question are to be held in many counties; and in others, where there is a strong Free Democratic vote, the Free Soilers make the Maine Law one of the planks of their platform. The Executive Committee of the movement advertises from Columbus that lecturers are to be sent into every town and county, and tracts are to be distributed broadcast. Neal Dow, Dr. Jewett, Freeman Yates, John R. Williams, John U. Feister, S. F. Corey, F. W. Kellogg and others, all well known, are engaged for at least a portion of the campaign.

——It so happens that the Vermont election occurs on the very day (Sept. 6th) appointed for the meeting of the World's Temperance Convention, with one half the world left out! The Woodstock *Temperance Standard*, edited by a whig politician, is consequently in a dilemma, fearing that if the friends of temperance in that State go off to the Convention, the Whig party and the Maine Law may both suffer a defeat. The *Tribune* is disposed to help him out of the dilemma.

"We can show him a path leading out, square and clear, from his perplexity, namely: Let the Vermont friends of Temperance attend the *whole* World's Convention, which will assemble in our city on Wednesday the 1st of September, and we will engage to send them home in good season and in good spirit for the struggle at the polls on Tuesday the 6th following. There, you see the whole conflict of duties obviated. Let our Vermont friends all and Dr. Powers in disseminating this timely suggestion, and thus lift a heavy weight of care from his anxious breast."

——THE St. Albans (Vermont) *Messenger* thus sums up the result of the Maine Law in that State after the first four months experience of its operations:

"It has fulfilled the predictions of its friends, and has not fulfilled the prophecies and wishes of its enemies. Not all, but more than two-thirds of the selling of liquor has been stopped. An intoxicated man rarely is seen in public. A drunken man in the streets is a curiosity. Quarreling, mobs, riots and street revelry have nearly ceased. Public assemblies are quiet, and large crowds meet without disorder or confusion.—Three jails which confine the rascals of a population of more than ninety thousand inhabitants, have been emptied of inmates. The sale of liquor and the drinking of liquor have fallen below low rum-mark, and have received a stamp of infamy unknown before.

In some few instances the law has been turned to a mischievous use by malicious enemies, and sometimes by over zealous friends. But these instances are remarkably rare. Almost any law can be tortured into a bad use.

It has accomplished its end thus far so well, that its early friends are greatly encouraged, and those who honestly feared that it might work badly, are now its firm supporters. Few are the respectable men who dare publicly speak against it. It has wrought a great and manifest good, and it stands much stronger in the affections of the people than at any previous day. No newspaper in this state which favored the law at first, has ceased to favor it. Some that were neutral now openly support it, and all (with one or two exceptions) that formerly opposed it, have been studiously silent. The Maine Liquor Law in this State, is an "Institution," a fixed fact, and we believe that a blessing attends it, and attends the people who try try to live up to its spirit and letter.

POLITICS.

THE citizens of Nebraska recently held a Convention to take measures for obtaining the benefits of a Territorial government. The Convention approved of Col Benton's plan for a railroad to the Pacific.

——SALMON P. CHASE and Samuel Lewis are to address a mass meeting of the Independent Democracy at Warren, Trumbull Co., Ohio, August 31. We fear, therefore, that Mr. Chase will not be able to attend the Whole World's Temperance Convention, to be held in this city on the 1st and 21 of September.

——GOV. SEWARD's term in the Senate closes, we believe, on the 4th of March, 1855. It is said in some quarters that he will not be a candidate for re-election. Daniel S. Dickinson is the candidate of the fossil Hunkers, and 'Prince John' hopes the Barnburners will be strong enough to give him the place. Washington Hunt is supposed to be the Whig aspirant.

——THE Thirty-third Congress, so far as the elections have been made, is divided politically as follows: SENATE—Democrats 34, Whigs 21, Free Soilers 2. There are 3 vacancies—1 in Alabama, 1 in Maine, and 1 in North Carolina. HOUSE—Democrats 141, Whigs 65, Free Soilers 4. Four States have yet to choose—namely, Maryland, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana. These will of course add to the Administration majority.

——THE Concord (N. H.) *Independent Democrat* says:

Samuel E. Coues, Esq., of Portsmouth, late President of the American Peace Society, and a strong Abolitionist, has been appointed to a lucrative post in the Patent Office. It is said that Mr. Coues has not taken an active part in politics for several years past, but while he presided over the Peace Society, he never disguised his Anti-Slavery sentiments. He is not called upon to talk loudly about such matters just now, but if we know him aright, he will not change his honest opinions for the sake of office. Free Soilers are gratified with his appointment.

——THE *Washington* (N. C.) *Whig* states that "a very respectable mulatto" has been appointed by the National Administration to the office of keeper of the Long Shoal Light Boat. It is often difficult, at the South, to ascertain whether a man is black or white; hence it is by no means incredible that the President has made such an appointment. Perhaps Congress may be called upon hereafter to establish a commission to inquire into the pedigree of all the Southern candidates for Executive favours, with a view to prevent similar mistakes in future.

——THE mutations of politics and the treacheries of politicians are a never-ending source of disgust to all honourable minds. For example: C. C. Burr, who was a Free Soil stump orator and a supporter of Van Buren in 1848, having in the most shameless manner gone over to the Hunker Democracy in 1852, and become a defender of the Fugitive Slave Law, for the sake of office and pelf, recently wrote and published the following paragraph in his paper, the *National Democrat* of this city:

Mr. Van Buren never had any political principles of any kind. Personal success has been the sole purpose of his life. The most and the best thing that can now be said of him is, that he has been an adroit trickster, who became President of the United States by the personal friendship and endorsement of Gen. Jackson, whom he contrived to deceive by a show of principle and honesty which he never possessed.

——THE election now pending in Ohio is fraught with important political consequences. The Democracy there, as in almost every other State, is distracted by divisions growing out of the Slavery question; the Whigs are utterly prostrate, and do not seem likely to rally on their own hook, while in some localities they are disposed to affiliate with the Independent Democracy. The leaders of the party last mentioned are exerting themselves to the utmost to secure a balance of power in the Legislature and re-elect Hon. Salmon P. Chase to the United States Senate. They go strong for the Maine Law, and therefore many Whigs and some of the regular Democracy will support their candidates; but with all their advantages, and in spite of their zeal and the inherent goodness of their cause, we expect to see the Independent Democrats defeated by the party whose cohesive power is the 'spoils.' The time, though near, has not yet arrived for the political triumph of Anti-Slavery principles in the State which, in point of population and resources, ranks as the *fourth* in the American Union.

ANTI SLAVERY ITEMS.

RICHARD HILDRETH, Esq., author of *Archy Moore*, is said to be engaged on a new Abolition romance, in which will be drawn some of the most eminent public characters of our day; and "Algoma," of the New York *Herald*, thinks it "will be a lively work." The demand for Anti-Slavery books is rapidly increasing. What do the Union-Saviours intend to do about it?

——A CORRESPONDENT of the *National Era* at Berlin Centre, Ohio, orders twenty copies of *Facts for the People*, and states that, on the 3d of June, 1837, Marius

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXXX.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent confesseth his sins of Omision—He Considereth—Dr. Bellows's Phi-Beta Oration—Apotheosis of Young America—The Correspondent praiseth it—The New Gospel—The Commentator Astor—The Celebration at Plymouth—A New Hyena—Mr. Everett's Speech—Presidential probabilities—Microscopic Candidates—The Correspondent's Opinion of Mr. Everett's chances—And of his obstacles—Mr. Webster's bequests—Mr. Choate's blunder—The Correspondent giveth of his counsel—And magnifieth his disinterestedness—The Constitutional Convention—What it did—Change of position in parties—The Irish duel that did not come off—The occasion—The Correspondent trembleth in view of the precedent—An agreeable surprise—Arrival of Mr. Ashhurst—Omissions to be rectified hereafter, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, Aug. 9th, 1853.

It seems to me a long time since I have written to you, so long that I scarcely remember what I have to tell. I do not think, however, that you can have missed much, as there is never much happening at this dead time of the year. Let me see—have I got anything to say? For if not, I may as well stop without bestowing any of my tediousness upon you, even if it were twice as much as it is, and great as is my regard for you. There was Dr. Bellows's Phi Beta Kappa Oration, at Cambridge. That, I think, has come off since I wrote last. It was a very clever performance, indeed; and very satisfactorily differing from the common run of such prelections. Generally, as I have recounted in former epistles, the Orator addresses the mob of half-taught lawyers, ministers, and doctors before him, as "the educated men" of the country, and most earnestly entreats them to be true to their trust, and not to do whatever the unpopular thing may happen to be, just then, and which not three out of the whole number (if one) ever thought of doing. Dr. Bellows (if he be a Doctor) had none of this sort of twaddle. He magnified the mystery of money-making, which he seemed to think had not had its due as one of the fine arts. He quite snubbed the "literary men," as they flatter themselves by calling one another on such occasions, and put the merchant and the stock-jobber over their heads, not only as practical but as *poetical* people. It was quite the Apotheosis of Wall street—the gospel of Young America. He considered us entitled to all creation, and at liberty to annex the Literature and Art of all the rest of the world; so what occasion had we for any of our own? Or, rather, was it not our own, provided we had appropriated it? He sneered, too, at our Nationality, which I can only excuse on the ground that he considered all the other nations of the earth only as United States *in posse*. His doctrine, perhaps, differed slightly from that promulgated a long time ago by the Lake of Galilee—such as "Blessed are the poor;" but, then, we all know that such doctrines were never meant for literal interpretation; and besides, "They did not know everything down in Judea!" Mr. Astor was the true American Commentator on such Scriptures as these, when he said that a man with six hundred thousand dollars might be as happy (in other words *blessed*) as a rich man. And, then, you know, nobody *is* rich. But I have no fault to find with the Discourse. It was well-written, well-argued, and well-put. I'd have gone straight off and made some money, if I'd only known how, for the mere æsthetic character of the operation.

Then there was the Celebration of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims on the First of August at Plymouth—of which I believe I spoke approvingly in my last letter. I was not able to go myself; but it seems to have been a successful occasion. To be sure, by the blessing of the Old Colony Railway, the pilgrims from Boston were about as long getting there and getting back as it used to take to go "over land" in the days of the old original pilgrims; but they got there at last and were walked through the streets, and dined under a pavilion, and talked at by the hour, so they had all the American elements of a "first-rate time." I was shocked to see that, among the decorations of the streets, some remorseless sinner had paraded a bust of the Godlike Daniel, with the date (1820) of his Plymouth Speech affixed to it! It was too bitter a sarcasm! Such a man should be ranked among the hyenas, as well as your Corresponding Editor or your Correspondent. Mr. Everett's Speech was the feature of the day, as you have seen. His youth, also, seems to have been renewed like the (American) Eagle's; and he, too, accepts the manifest destiny of Young America. There is an opinion abroad that this distinguished gentleman has entered on the probation appointed for those willing to serve their country as President of the United States. Such lynx-eyed observers think that they see a squinting towards the next Baltimore Convention in his Senate Speech, as well as in this Speech and other public demonstrations. I have not the slightest objection to his Nomination or to his Election. But there is little besides the good-luck which has uniformly attended him through life to make it likely. We are not yet reduced to men merely qualified for the station, like Mr. Everett. Have we not a score of small generals left, some one of whom, now unthought of, is destined to be the competitor of the present Lilliputian incumbent? We don't go about, like Diogenes, with a lantern to hunt up the honest man we want for a President; we take a *microscope!*

Another difficulty Mr. Everett will find in the way of a nomination is the unlucky manner in which he was mixed up with the farce of Websterism. Mr. Webster was so perfectly understood and so thoroughly despised by the Slaveholders, who, of course, will have a voice potential—"as double as the Duke's"—in the next nomination; they saw so clearly through the transparent sham of his Union-saving, and they enjoyed such a dear delight in refusing him a single vote in the Convention; that some portion of the ridicule attaches to all persons who connect themselves with him. Mr. Webster bequeathed more than his debts to his friends. He left them, besides, a legacy of defeat and disappointment in their hopes of political preferment. The sooner he is consigned to oblivion, the better for all his friends. Mr. Choate has done no good either to himself, Mr. Everett, or any of the ambitious men who pinned themselves to Mr. Webster's sleeve, by his stilted, serio-comic eulogium of him the other day at Dartmouth College. The sooner you permit the public to forget your follies in that direction, gentlemen, the better for you. It is a very insignificant minority of the nation, and that chiefly within sight of the Old State House, that does not regard Mr. Webster's public character with contempt or detestation, and speak of it with ridicule—and very special Whigs among the number, let me tell you. This advice is purely public-spirited—gratuitous. I expect nothing for it; but in case it should lead to the elevation of any of those gentlemen to posts of honour, I hope they will not forget their benefactor. Any office, with a good salary, and little or nothing to do, would answer.

The Convention for proposing Reforms in our State Constitution has also adjourned, since I wrote last. The alterations it has suggested are not very material. The change in the tenure of the Judges from good behaviour to ten years, with elegibility to reappointment, the appointing power remaining, as now, with the Governor and Council, is one. The declaring that Juries shall be judges of Law as well as of Fact, is another. And further stringency given to the Writ of Habeas Corpus is a third. If these two could apply to the Courts of the United States, they would be of some service. But as the U. S. Judges purge the jury-box in advance of all that will not agree to take their word for Law, it will be practically of little importance. Personal Safety and the Administration of Justice is secure enough in Massachusetts, except when Slavery steps in armed with the power of the nation. The business of the U. S. Judges is to see that the Corner Stone of the Republic suffers no detriment, and they do it; while Massachusetts' Judges must crawl under the Chains that are hung around their Temple, to symbolize their submission. The changes in the basis of Senatorial and Representative Elections are of no general interest. Only one thing was noteworthy, and that was that the Whigs and the Coalition changed places, completely crossed over and figured in, as Sheridan once said of some such *bouleversement*—the Whigs, who used to be most strenuous sticklers for the majority principle, becoming as ardent advocates for the government of a plurality, and the Democrats and Free Soilers just the other way. Of course, it was pure conviction and a high sense of public duty on both sides that wrought this change. The fact that the probable supremacy of the one or the other, according as one or the other plan prevailed, *could* have had nothing to do with it.

We have been very near having a duel here. On arriving here, as you may have seen, the Irish hereabouts gave a dinner, or supper, in honour of the birthday of Mr. Meagher, at which Mr. O'Donahue, another escaped hero of the Cabbage-garden Revolution, assisted. This gentleman having exalted notions of liberty of speech, which would do honour to some of the frequenters of Anti-Slavery Meetings, bored them so intolerably that Captain Treanor, who presided, felt called upon to interfere and entreat the orator to be merciful as he was mighty. Strange as it may appear, this was not well pleasing to that gentleman, and words passed which led to a demand for satisfaction, which was only prevented from being duly given by the impertinent intrusion of the police-court. I trust, most sincerely, that this is not to grow into a custom, or Heaven help the presiding officers of Anti-Slavery Meetings! I am afraid that your Corresponding Editor would be in a bad box, if he were liable to be called out for calling to order. I shudder at the dreadful idea. It is to be hoped that the authorities will effectually "put down" this new irregularity, as Sir Peter Laurie proposed to "put down" suicide, some twenty years ago, and has never heard the last of it yet.

We were taken by surprise a week or two ago, but by a very pleasing surprise, by the unexpected appearance among us of William Ashurst, Esq., of London, so well known to all American Abolitionists by his intelligent co-operation with their labours in this country, and his kindness and hospitality to them when abroad. Mr. Ashurst is the personal friend of Mazzini, and takes an active share in whatever is going on in London looking towards the redemption of the Continent. But, like a consistent friend of freedom, he sees that the Deliverance of the American Slave is an essential part of any great scheme which contemplates the disenthralment of the oppressed nations of Europe. He attended the Celebration of the First of August, at Framingham, where he received a most cordial welcome. But this he may be sure to receive from all true Abolitionists everywhere whom he may meet in the course of his travels through the country.

In the haste with which I wrote the account of the Constitutional Convention, I forgot the most material facts—its action on the petition for the admission of women to political rights; and towards the coloured petitioners for equal rights in the Militia, from which they are now excluded on account of their colour. It is too late to enter on these matters now; but I will reserve them for my next letter—D. Y

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

FLORENCE, 20th May, 1852.

HAVING spent nearly eight months in Italy, now, on the eve of my departure for Germany, I sit me down to fill you a sheet or two, as the case may be, with my impressions of the country and people. I first set foot on Italian soil in Genoa, in which city, by gracious permission of the police (my passport being *tout en regle*), I was allowed to spend four or five hours while the French mail-steamer, on board of which I had taken passage from Marseilles to Leghorn, lay at anchor in the harbour.

Of the singular impressions made upon the mind of a stranger upon first entering one of these old Italian cities, with its narrow, winding ways, hearing, for the first time, a foreign tongue spoken by a whole people, the odd costumes and singular customs—in short, finding oneself fairly among a strange nation—of all these things I need say nothing, for they have been described a thousand and one times. The next day, I landed in Tuscany and proceeded directly to this city (my principal place of residence during my sojourn in Italy), not, however, without passing through the hands of the police once more.

Never having travelled in our Southern States, I knew positively nothing of the passport system, either by observation or experience, previous to landing in France. One's passport, you know, is never demanded in England, for the simple reason that it would be superfluous on the part of the government to establish the system, and, furthermore, because it would not be tolerated by the people. In France, one gets along possibly well; the viré he gets at Paris suffices for the whole country, but the sufferings of the peregrine in Italy are inconceivable to one who has not experienced them. No doubt one object of the passport system, perhaps the principal one, is the more effectual surveillance of travellers who may be suspected of having political designs, but I am fully convinced that it is by no means the only one; with the continued influx and departure of foreigners of every nation, the revenue arising from this branch of the police system must be very considerable. You pay for the privilege of entering the State, for the privilege of remaining there, and, finally, for the privilege of leaving it, upon which last some particularly unfortunate persons I have met with here seem to set a higher value than on either of the others. In Sardinia, the system is not very strict; in Tuscany, it is much worse; and in the States of the Church, well nigh insufferable. Your passport must be viséd in every paltry village in which you are unfortunately compelled to stop, if only for a few hours. This gives employment to a swarm of individuals connected with the hotels in the principal cities, every one of whom, of course, expects a fee for his services in getting your passport viséd by the police, in addition to the tax for the visé itself. When I left this city for Rome, I was compelled to procure the visé of the Tuscan police and of the Roman embassy here; at Leghorn, I had my passport viséd again; at Civita Vecchia, it was subjected to another visé of the pontifical police, and also of the American consul (I paid the latter a dollar for his addition to my autographic collection, which did not, however, protect me from the imposition of a fresh tax by Mr. Cass, at Rome); and on my return from Rome another pontifical as well as Tuscan visé was necessary; and in addition to all these, I was compelled to pay for a third at Leghorn. These facts will be sufficient to give you some idea of the vexations and persecutions to which the traveller is subjected by the Italian police, vexations and persecutions which become doubly annoying when he is pressed for time, knowing well that he can never proceed on his journey without observing all the forms prescribed. Add to all this the ignorance and stupidity of the employés, and you will be able to sympathize to some extent with the tribulation I underwent in the dominions of Pius IX. One of the clerks in the police office at Rome actually asked me where the United States were.

And now let me devote a word or two to Rome especially. The romantic phase of a residence there you have had a hundred times; I leave its repetition to others. Judging from what I have myself seen, as well as from the universal testimony of travellers, the condition of the Pontifical States is worse by far than that of any other part of Italy, with the exception, possibly, of the kingdom of Naples. I spent a month at Rome, and can safely say, without exaggeration, that for poverty, filth and ignorance, it has, so far as my experience is concerned, no rival. In illustration of the third head in the category, I will relate an anecdote which will give you a very fair, though perhaps too favourable, an idea of the intelligence of the Roman peasant.

Making an excursion one day into the country, with no other companion than my guide-book—my destination was Mons Sacer—I arrived at a picturesque-looking old bridge, which I was quite convinced, both from its locality and aspect, was the Ponte Nomentane. There happened to be two or three stone-masons at work in the vicinity, so, to make assurance doubly sure, I inquired of one of them the name of the stream.

"Pardon me, what is the name of this river?"

"Really, I cannot tell you, sir; I am a mason." (A reason which, to me, unilluminated as I was, seemed quite insufficient. "But perhaps my companion can tell you."

So I addressed myself to the second of the craft, but with like success. The third and last referred me to a shepherd, driving his flock down the green declivity of Mons Sacer, close by. Him I addressed with some hope of a satisfactory answer—he was, evidently, "to the manor born."

"What is the name of this river?"

"River."

"But what is the *name* of the river?"

"Yes, river."

"But I wish to know the particular *name* of the river."

"Yes, river—river."

And "*Si fiume*," was all I could extract from him.

I shall never forget the beggars who assailed us on the road from Civita Vecchia to Rome, following the diligences at a long trot, their few rags streaming in the wind. Their name was legion. Rome is full of beggars, the most wretched and squalid objects I ever beheld. They are crawling about the streets everywhere, positively, in many instances, upon their hands and knees, living, principally, upon the charity of the numerous foreigners who frequent the city, and whose pity is excited by the sight of their sufferings. I was told that many of them were reduced to their wretched condition by the summer fevers which fall most severely upon the ill-housed and ill-fed poor.

But as an agreeable contrast to all this, you have the well-fed, plump-looking, Swiss Guards and the magnificent equipages of His Holiness, the Sovereign Pontiff, together with the evangelical piety of the seventy-two cardinals, continually driving about in their carriages decorated with scarlet and gold, each one with servants enough for a prince. Three, so far as I could observe, was the minimum. I have faith to believe that you will pardon me when I tell you that at the sight of one of these glittering equipages, my mind always involuntarily recurred to the Scarlet Woman mentioned in the Revelations. I make no pretensions as a commentator; but this application is too obvious to escape the meanest intellect. I do not, however, insist that my explanation of the text shall be regarded as canonical.

A Roman priest rarely, I believe, deigns to wear any thing more plebian, in the way of shoe-buckles, than an article of gold, never, if my observations are a criterion, anything meaner than silver, yet an old beggar, whom an American acquaintance of mine referred to the clergy on the ground that they were continually robbing the people, declared that "the priests never give a charity." They certainly do not neglect to inculcate the practice of alms-giving among their hearers, nor of giving to the support of holy mother church.

To any one from a protestant country, especially if he come direct from home, the number of priests and monks would be appaling. Heaven knows, it is bad enough in Tuscany, but Rome is certainly without a rival in this respect, and naturally enough; it is the centre of the system.

It has become the fashion of late years, among a certain class of travellers, generally from a mock tolerance which has its foundation in no higher motive than a desire to appear liberal toward Catholicism, to attribute the present degraded condition of Italy to any other cause than the existence of this incubus of a heirarchy. But I undertake to assert that no man who had *seen* the country (I do not mean who, as the Italians say, "travelled like a trunk" through it) can close his eyes to the fact, that the existence of this very heirarchy is one of the great causes, if not the principal one, of the degradation of this unfortunate people. For myself, I have not the slightest hope of their regeneration so long as it continues. The almost universal testimony of the Italians is that the priesthood are the enemies of all public instruction except that which is strictly in their own hands, and which is, of course, so managed as to strengthen their influence over the consciences of the people.

The want of chastity on the part of the priests is notorious. An old Florentine priest confessed to an American acquaintance of mine that he did not believe there was one of his order in the city who observed his vow of chastity. The effect upon the relation of the sexes as well as upon the veracity of the people must be obvious to every reflecting mind. It is in vain to say that the mass do not reason closely on such subjects. The most ignorant know that he takes his vow, and it is equally notorious that he rarely keeps it.

The monks and the clergy evidently live well. The general rotundity and extraordinary bloom of the latter, especially, add greatly to their personal charms. Their health is obviously excellent, or, if they need any medicine or medicament whatever, it is plainly no other than that administered with such signal success by Ghino di Tacco to the abbot of Cligni. The monks of Vallambrosa own all the lands about them for many a rood, and are said not to find the rich produce of their fertile fields superfluous. My two Italian friends who accompanied me to the convent detected, as they informed me many had done before, a remarkable personal resemblance between the aforesaid monks and the children of the vicinity, a resemblance which they were far from regarding as fortuitous.

The priests complain greatly (so my *padron di casa* tells me) of the tendency to heresy excited among the people by the foreigners who are constantly pouring into Italy, the majority of whom are, probably, Protestants. A Florentine correspondent of the Swiss *Bund*, published at Berne, declared, last winter, that he had good authority for saying that there were twenty thousand native Italians in Florence who were disaffected toward the church: I have no means of ascertaining accurately the correctness of the statement; but that a very large portion of the Florentines, as well as the more intelligent Italians in other cities, even in Rome, hold the ecclesiastical authority of the Pope in contempt, I have no doubt whatever. But no Florentine dare be seen entering a Protestant church. If he should be, he is immediately seized by the police, and thrust into prison. And yet, if you will believe it, the priests have the coolness to lament over the oppressions inflicted by England upon the Catholic Irish; an oppression, by-the-way, which falls alike upon all dissenters from the Anglican church, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Jew. I speak with reference to the tithe system alone.

Apropos of England. It is curious to observe how the Jesuits, professional and non-professional, have sown everywhere hatred and jealousy of her and her people. One cannot close his eyes to it in Italy. It is astonishing to discover the gross ignorance prevailing here regarding the condition of the labouring classes in England, and the exaggerations spread abroad by the priests with regard to the power of the nobility and the oppressions exercised by them over the poor, in the face of the notorious facts that no other nation of Europe enjoys so perfect a personal liberty, has so intelligent and comfortable a peasantry, is so free from the hateful surveillance of a prying police, keeps so close and effectual a watch upon its own government, sympathizes so universally with the oppressed of other nations, and, finally, offers so secure an asylum to the persecuted fugitive from other countries. I observed something of the same feeling in France. The means resorted to, generally, is national jealousy, with a narrow mind almost always an effectual one. And in the United States, whenever I have met with a defender and supporter of our slave-system, I have universally found an enemy of England. It is interesting to observe how like causes produce like effects. How fortunate would it be for the friends of liberty and progress if they could fully realize the unity of their interests without regard to geographical distinctions. Crush England and you crush the hope of liberty and progress in Europe, and the more intelligent are coming to perceive this truth, to the dissemination of which the Germans are just now contributing more than any other nation.

To return to Italy. I am altogether convinced that police regulations of so stringent a nature as, in effect, to exclude foreigners from the country would have been adopted ere this, but for the fact that Italy has been, is, and must be, until she casts off her spiritual and civil thraldom, sustained, in a great measure, by the patronage of the travellers of other nations. Without them, Rome could not exist, and even Florence would soon fall from her present prosperity. These paltry despotisms are continually striving to prevent all innovation. But it is hard to struggle against destiny, and even the Pope has, at last, given a reluctant consent to the construction of a railway from the north to the Holy City, which, now that I think of it, is still lighted, and that very miserably, with oil. But it is, perhaps, well that the spiritual should be accompanied by material darkness, as its exponent, otherwise it might never become perceptible to the mass.

For Italy, swarming with beggars, priests and kings, carved up and apportioned out as she is among priests and petty princes, anything like nationality is impossible. An intelligent Italian friend, in this city, declared to me, the other day, that he would greatly prefer to see the whole country subjugated by some powerful tyrant, rather than that the present state of affairs should longer exist. And it would, doubtless, be better. The governments are all cordially hated by the people, with the exception, perhaps, of Piedmont. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is sustained against his subjects by an Austrian army, and the Holy Father by a French soldiery sent to his aid by his "dear son in Christ," the present illustrious Emperor of the French nation. The Piedmontese are, I believe, tolerably satisfied with their government, which is a constitutional one, and the Austrians in Lombardy are strong enough to take care of themselves. I cannot believe that the present state of affairs can continue long. The people are too dreadfully ground down under the heel of the oppressor.

But I have nearly filled my two sheets without saying a word about the personal qualities of the Italians. All foreigners (I have conversed on the subject with English, French, Germans, Russians and Americans) unite in the testimony that they are wanting in pecuniary honesty and in veracity. This was also my first impression, when I had made the acquaintance of that class, only from intercourse with whom the opinions of travellers are generally formed—I mean those whose livelihood is obtained by preying upon such foreigners as fall into their hands. And I must confess I have met with nothing equal to their dishonesty and mendacity elsewhere. But after I had entered into private society, my views were greatly modified. I found that kindness and generosity were at home here, as well as among other nations, united to a winning gentleness and sweetness of disposition which I have met with among no other people, and which give to the Italian character an inexpressible charm and fascination. It is neither the heartiness of the English, the kindness of the German, nor the sentiment of the French, but a quality of which I had never before conceived, and which can be realized only by him who has *lived* among the people. And I will close my letter by uttering my hearty wish for the speedy disenthralment of this generous and noble people, which, however, I fear they can only attain through a pilgrimage over a long and thorny way of sorrow and suffering.

H. W. G.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.

DEAR FRIEND GAY: Our anniversary of West Indian Emancipation was held last evening in Crosby Hall. Owing to a combination of circumstances, the meeting was not a large one; however, those who were there came for the sake of the cause, and a good feeling was manifested throughout the occasion. Our friend JAMES MILLER MCKIM made the speech of the evening, and introduced some sound facts, showing most clearly that slaveholding in the United States was injurious to freedom in Europe. The crowned heads of the eastern hemisphere consoled themselves in the fact that, after all, their oppressed subjects were better off than a large portion of the people of Republican America. The evils of Slavery and its bad influence were most thoroughly shown by our friend; while the American Anti-Slavery Society and the character of its President were ably vindicated by the speaker. I feel sure that you will agree with me that no one could discharge a duty of that kind better than Mr. McKim.

Professor ALLEN exposed the Pro-Slavery character of the people of the free States, and especially the prejudice against colour, in a manner that will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him.

Mr. MATTHEWS gave a description of the treatment he received at the hands of the Democracy of Kentucky, which left an impression not very favourable to the people of that State.

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., was in the chair, and comment upon him and his speech is needless. Upon the whole, the meeting passed off well.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is still doing a great work; its popularity and its wide circulation is not only arousing the dormant feeling of that generous love of freedom and lofty enthusiasm which, a few years ago, burst from the assemblies of England, and shook the fetters from the limbs of the beaten and outraged slaves of the West Indies, but will do much to create a desire for the elevation of the labouring classes in Europe, and especially in Great Britain. The very active part which the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Duchess of Sutherland have of late taken in the cause of the American slave, and the refaliatory letter of Mrs. Ex-President Tyler, have caused considerable discussion here about the condition of the poor of this land. It is true that much can be said of the sad position in which a large portion of the people are placed, but very much of their degradation is brought upon them by themselves. The amount of drunkenness is frightful; and the best comment upon that fact is found in statistics of poverty, crime, and disease, which have been most clearly proven to have sprung from intemperance. The only enjoyment that many of the lower classes know is in the song, the drink, and the pipe. It is enough to horrify any one to go amongst these people, who seem abandoned to the varied evils that neglect, ignorance, and vice have induced. The heavy load always resting upon them forbids the expansion of mind or body. Many of these appear so worn in countenance, form, feature, and expression, that one is almost led to doubt whether they are of the same species with the well-organized and noble of the race. Through the vice of intemperance and its degrading influences, the lofty lineaments of their better nature gradually fade away, until nothing is left but the attributes of the idiot or the fiend. Good men are almost frightened from effort to better their condition, while the religious zealots set it all down to the depravity of human nature, and encourage no hope for the future. There is no feeling of personal worth, no pride of character, no appreciation of moral excellence in this class of the people. Yet, after all, much is being done for their elevation, and the fact that the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Duchess of Sutherland are foremost in bringing about these reforms, should at least have saved them from the slanders of Mrs. Tyler.

One of the greatest difficulties which seem to lay in the way of getting an expression of public opinion on all occasions in this country against Slavery is in the want of hope for the final accomplishment of the great work. If it took Wilberforce and Clarkson twenty years to make the Slave-trade unlawful, and more than fifty years to do away with Slavery in the West Indies, we indeed should feel hopeful, knowing that they had not one-tenth part of the opposition to encounter which the American Abolitionists have.

He who labours in the cause of the slave must be diligent, persevering, courageous—but, above all, he must be hopeful; and this must be one of the incentives to the labourer in the cause; he must have faith in the power of good—free, generous, lively faith in the omnipotence of truth. This will enable him to hail every triumph over difficulty as an earnest of future success, and the arrival of the day when the chains which now bind the limbs of the slave shall be broken, and the oppressed set free.

Christianity is becoming more practical, and the religious teachers are beginning to find out that the people need something more than creeds, and cut and dried sermons. Nothing but practical truth will satisfy the thinking and intelligent, and it is to this class that we must look for aid in bringing about the extinction of American Slavery. If Mr. McKim's effort last night be a fair criterion, his visit to this country will be of immense service to the cause in which he has long and so faithfully laboured.

Yours very truly,

W. WELLS BROWN.

22 CECIL-STREET, STRAND, LONDON, *Aug.* 2.

SUMMARY.

OLD YALE, whose lote it seems ever to have been to struggle with poverty, is about to call upon her Alumni for an addition of $150,000 to her permanent funds.

THE Philadelphia *Bulletin* says that Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, whose wife and daughter were badly injured by the late railroad disaster at Norwalk, has made a settlement with the railroad corporation. The sum paid was ten thousand dollars.

EMANCIPATION IN SURINAM.—A letter from Surinam, in the Bunker Hill *Aurora*, dated July 14, says that the slaves there are soon to be emancipated, and their places supplied by Chinese Coolies, one thousand of which have already been contracted for.

A CORRESPONDENT of the N. Y. *Evening Post* attributes the obscure nervous diseases which have, within the last few years, changed *neuralgia* from a scientific term to a *household word*, to the use of water impregnated with lead, and refers to the published testimony of Drs. Mott, Parker, and S. C. Foster, in support of his theory.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—A fellow from North Chelsea brought a load of damaged corned beef (400 lbs.) to market on Saturday afternoon, and was served as several of his tribe have been before—that is, was compelled by the police to take it to the flats and bury it deep beneath the mud. These dishonest meat venders never make a second appearance in our market.—*Salem Register.*

THE American Alarm Lock is the latest novelty in the way of invention we have noticed. It is in the main a combination lock enclosing a bell, so that any fingering or picking at the key-hole, even with the proper key, causes the ringing of a sharp, shrill alarm. This bell, if preferred, may be located away from the lock—in the bed-room of a watchman, cashier or sub-treasurer, if you please, so as to give him instant notice when any one meddles with the lock.

A VILLAGE schoolmaster said to one of his pupils, a very small boy, who had just gone ahead of his class, for bett spelling, "Well done, my little fellow, you shall have a feather in your cap." The boy burst into tears. "What is the matter?" said the master. "I don't want a feather in my cap," replied the lad. "Why not?" "Because when father has a feather in his cap, he always comes home drunk and scolds at mother, and whips her."

A PROPOSITION.—It is proposed to raise a purse, as a prize, for the lady equestrians who shall enter the lists for the premium at our County Agricultural Fair, this Fall, by contribution among the business men, landlords, &c., in town. The exhibition of horsemanship will, undoubtedly, prove one of the strongest attractions of the Fair, and will bring in hundreds who would not otherwise come. Columbiana has led off in this matter, and Trumbull surely will not be behind.—*Western Reserve Chron.*

THE *Daily News*, an evening journal, issued at Newport, Ky., is essentially a "family paper." It is edited and published by W. S. Bally, and every type that goes into its columns is set by his daughters. The little girls set type with very great facility. The paper is got ready, put to press and worked off by the family in a matter of course kind of way, just as the dishes are washed or any other job of housework performed.

CHLOROFORM FOR BEES.—A sixth part of an ounce of chloroform for a common hive, or nearly a quarter of an ounce for a very large hive, is used in Scotland for putting bees to sleep while their honey is taken. They put the chloroform in a shallow breakfast plate, covered over with thin gauze, then put the hive over the plate, covered with cloths, and in twenty minutes the bees will be sound asleep and out of the combs on the table. This is considered better than sulphur, and the bees rather like it.

A FEMALE SAILOR.—The *Salem Freeman* states that a schooner belonging to Harwich came into Salem harbour, one day last week, with a female helms*man*, who performed the duty with as much grace and apparent ease as could any veteran tar. It is understood that she has been in the habit of going to sea with her husband, who is owner and commander of the vessel, and that during any temporary indisposition of her "worse half" she performs his duties in a manner satisfactory to all concerned, especially "the owners."

HON. WM. H. SEWARD, of New York, has been selected as the orator before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, for 1854, and James Russell Lowell, poet.—*New Haven Register.*

We hope that neither "indisposition" nor any other cause will prevent the fulfilment of this appointment at the next Commencement. It has been hanging over the public for some years, if we recollect right; it is always coming, but never comes.—*Jour. Com.*

Do pardon, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Co. This and other things which "have been hanging over the public for some years" may come to comfort you. So "keep your breath to cool your porridge."—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

THEY tell a good story of an old-fashioned, wealthy codger of this ilk. He was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once; then he was going on a journey, and had to purchase a new pair of boots. The stage left before day, and so he got ready and went to the hotel to stop for the night. Among a whole row of boots, in the morning, he could not find the old, familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones. He hunted, and hunted in vain. The stage was ready, and so he looked carefully around to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter and told him the circumstances, giving him a V, for the owner of the boots, when he should call for them. The owner never called! The old gent. had bought his own boots!

AN INCIDENT.—A few weeks ago, as we were seated by a window, we observed a ground sparrow, or "chipping bird," gathering materials for its nest. We watched with interest its busy employment and careful skill. Soon, however, our attention was called to another feature of this work of construction. A beautiful golden robin had come and joined his little friend of another order, and was helping her build a place to lay her young. Steadily and lovingly they pursued their task; the robin carrying the material and the sparrow weaving it into a nest. We left the window with a sermon written on our heart, and the text kept ringing in our ears, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."—*Chicopee Jour.*

THE PRESIDENT WITHOUT A SHILLING.—The Washington *Star* is responsible for the following: "Not long since, the President, in an afternoon ride with his estimable lady and a female friend, was brought up by the gate upon the Columbia turnpike, on the opposite side of the Potomac. His coachman searched in his pockets in vain for the requisite shilling. The President searched his. But, alas, not a solitary shilling had they among them! The toll-gatherer, who is at times annoyed by the pranks of 'fast' folks passing his gate on their way to the trotting course, without 'holding' up to pay their toll, began to think of closing the bar upon the carriage, when the driver informed him that the gentleman inside was the President of the United States, and the gentleman inside made it all right by promising to pay the shilling when next he should venture to ride on the Virginia side."

GRASSHOPPERS.—The Greenfield (N. H.) *Transcript* says: We have heard much about the grasshoppers in Stoddard and Marlow, but we supposed the stories were greatly exaggerated. On Saturday, however, we passed through those towns, and saw them for ourselves. Such barren fields and pastures we never saw before. Not even the thistles and alders by the roadside remained untouched, and the cattle are obliged to resort to the woods for a living. As we rode along, immense clouds of them would rise up before us. Provided they would lie still, a person on foot could hardly step without treading upon one or more of them. The keeper of the hotel in Marlow told us that on Friday he cut a piece of oats, which looked quite well. On Saturday he went out to rake them, and found that the grasshoppers had eaten nearly the whole, so that they were not worth raking. It takes vastly more to support the grasshoppers than all the cattle and sheep in those towns.

BARNUM'S PREMIUMS.—Barnum has offered the following list of premiums to be competed for at the Fair of the Fairfield County Agricultural Society, at Stamford, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of October, by ladies under twenty-one years of age. There are seven premiums for horseback riding, ranging from $25 to a gold pencil, open to unmarried ladies under twenty-one, from all parts of the State; three premiums for butter, three for cheese, three for bread, five for darning, and four for shirt-making, which are to be competed for by the young ladies of Fairfield County.

There is more good sense shown in the above than is sometimes exhibited by a list of some societies, the managers of which seem to forget that woman has anything to do or care for in the concerns of this world. It is but justice to say that P. T. Barnum's name is ever ready to head a premium list to promote Agricultural improvement. He gave a large sum last year to the same society for ploughing-match prizes.—*Tribune.*

THE NEW MOTIVE POWER.—We have already referred to the invention of a new motive power, from which its projectors anticipate great results. The force applied is magnetic attraction, and the power is appleable to driving machinery, locomotion, navigation, and all other purposes for which steam is employed. It is also capable of lighting and warming. The great advantage of this power is its cheapness, nothing being consumed, and no cost necessary in generating it. The machine has been applied to the magnetic telegraph with entire success. An engine is nearly completed to test the invention as a motive power on a large scale. The stock is in the hands of some of the shrewdest business men in Providence, and so much confidence is in the success of the experiment, that shares, the original cost of which was $50, have changed hands at $250. If it answers the expectations of its friends, limits can hardly be put to its value; if it fails, it will be in the category of many other good things.—*Prov. Jour.*

A SINGULAR CASE.—A Miss Read, of West Boylston, took chloroform, a few days ago, for the purpose of having a tooth extracted, and after the operation was performed, she was attacked with a severe pain in the head, became unconscious, and apparently died. Her friends, supposing her dead, laid her out for burial, and began to prepare for the funeral ceremonies; but their grief was unexpectedly turned to joy and astonishment, on finding that the supposed dead began to revive! She eventually recovered the full possession of her faculties; but what is still most singular in her case, as we are told, she suffers violent pains in the head as regularly as evening approaches, and at length, and about the same hour each night, falls into a swoon very similar to that which in the first instance was supposed to have been the sleep of death. This case certainly presents a most remarkable escape from premature burial.—*Worcester Trans.*

NEW PRINTING MACHINE.—In turning over the leaves of the Report on Patents for the year 1852, we met with the following brief notice of a very interesting improvement in Printing Presses:

"The invention consists in the introduction of conical inking and impression cylinders. The form is screwed on a revolving disk, either vertical or horizontal in its revolution; the form passes under the inking rollers and under the printing cylinders to receive the impression, so that one impression is made at each revolution of the form. The conical impression cylinder receives the paper under a clamp hinged to the cylinder, and the clamp is returned at the proper moment to deliver the sheet."

The inventor of this simple but ingenious press is Mr. John G. Nicolay, of Illinois, quite a youth. Being a practical printer, but in his remote residence never having seen a machine press, he thought a great deal on the subject, and at length matured the invention, the originality of which obtained for it a patent. We saw him often here during the time his application was before the Patent Office, and were as much pleased with his modesty and intelligence as with the ingenuity of his invention, which appeared to us to furnish a press at once simple, efficient and cheap.—*National Intelligencer.*

VALUABLE PRESENT.—Dr. Munde, proprietor of of the Water Cure establishment at Florence (says the (Northampton) *Hampshire Gazette*), received a valuable token of respect and gratitude from one of his patients, last week, consisting of one of the best of Chickering's famous pianos. The donation, as unexpected as it was generous, quite surprised the Dr. and the inmates of his establishment, who were pleased, gratified and grateful. The first intimation of the present was the arrival of the instrument, accompanied by the following appropriate note:

FLORENCE, Aug. 3, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: Believing that, under Providence, myself and family are indebted to you alone for the health we now enjoy, I cannot better testify my obligation to you than by presenting for your acceptance the accompanying Piano Forte; the notes of which will, I hope, from time to time, bring to your mind, when absent, your sincere friend and patient. E. BOOTH GRAVES.

To Dr. Chas. Munde.

We learn that the establishment of Dr. Munde is quite prosperous. His enlarged and perfected accommodations rendering a course of treatment both pleasant, agreeable and beneficial.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.—David Wilson, an old revolutionary soldier, and a native of New Jersey, died, after a short illness, in Dearborn County, Indiana, in August, 1833, aged *one hundred and seven years, two months, and ten days*. He had, at different periods of his life, *five* wives, and, at the time of his death, was the father of *forty-seven* children! While residing in Pennsylvania, near the old Redstone Fort, his wife gave birth to *five children* in eleven months! This extraordinary man, when in his *one hundred and fourth* year, mowed one week for Esq. Pendleton, of Hamilton County, Ohio, about two miles from Cincinnati, during which he mowed one acre per day of heavy timothy grass. He was about five feet six inches in height. His frame was not supported by *ribs*, as the frames of ordinary men are? but an apparently solid sheet of bone supplied their place. He could hold up his hands in a vertical position, and receive a blow from the fist of a powerful man, on the lateral portion of his body, without inconvenience. He served throughout the entire Revolution, under Gen. Washington, was engaged in most of the Indian wars since, and was the companion of Marion and Rodgers,

Miscellaneous Department.

ISAAC T. HOPPER: A TRUE LIFE. By L. MARIA CHILD. 12mo. pp. 493. Boston: Jewett & Co.

THE fine portrait of the venerable philanthropist which forms the frontispiece of this interesting volume gives as faithful an impression of his character as could be conveyed by the most elaborate biography. We recognise in it the features of a marked man—a man destined to obtain distinction over the common mass, wherever he might be placed—a man of singular firmness, self-possession, and independence—combining a warm sentiment of benevolence with great strength of purpose—bent on doing the greatest good to the greatest number—and equally bent on doing it in his own way. Friend Hopper, as he is styled by his biographer, was a remarkable instance of the social influence derived from natural force of character. His means of education were limited. His mental endowments were not extraordinary. He united uncommon clearness of perception with shrewd common sense. These were the leading qualities of his intellect, and they have often been equalled by men in these respects far inferior to himself. He occupied a humble sphere of life. He derived no prestige from artificial position. Wealth he neither sought nor obtained. Still he filled a large space in the public eye. He was always a prominent man in the cities where he resided. His influence extended to a wide sphere. He left his footprints wherever he went. In difficult emergencies, especially, both his wisdom and energy were put in requisition by his friends. Nor in vain. He was always ready. He always knew how to act. And he seldom failed to accomplish his purpose. Through a long life, he was regarded as a pillar in the great benevolent enterprises to which he was devoted. His fellow-labourers relied on him with certain assurance, that he would never disappoint their confidence. It was rare that either his judgment or his activity was at fault when he was summoned to exertions by the claims of misfortune. The secret of his power, as we have hinted, was his original force of character. It was something higher than mere mental ability—something that no cultivation can give—something, in the sphere of morality, partaking of the nature of genius. The foundation of this was a natural sense of justice. This trait, we imagine, was stronger in Friend Hopper's constitution than his benevolence—strong as that undoubtedly was. The love of right was the dominant passion of his heart—mastering the love of gain, of enjoyment, of mere personal distinction. Free from all tendencies to abstraction, he cherished the sense of right, not as an ethical theory, but as a living principle. He was not content to hope for its realization in the clouds, but wished to embody it on the solid earth. Whatever good the future might bring with it—and he was a man of large hope—for his part, he felt bound to act in the present, without reference to unknown ulterior consequences. Add to his innate sense of justice, his perfect fearlessness of temperament, his peculiar self-reliance, and his independence of artificial social impositions, and you have the main elements of his character.

In the composition of his biography, Mrs. CHILD has made free use of the personal anecdotes which he was accustomed to relate to his intimate friends, many of which she took down in writing at the time, without his knowledge. Among these are many narratives of fugitive slaves, in whose behalf his good offices were enlisted. They form an instructive portion of the volume, and to a large circle of readers will have great interest. We extract one of these narratives, as showing the favourable side of the negro character and the alacrity with which Friend Hopper made the cause of the oppressed his own.

DANIEL BENSON.

Daniel and his mother were slaves to Perry Boots, of Delaware. His master was in the habit of letting him out to neighbouring farmers and receiving the wages himself. Daniel had married a free woman, and they had several children, mostly supported by her industry. His mother was old and helpless, and the master, finding it rather burdensome to support her, told Daniel that if he would take charge of her, and pay him forty dollars a year, he might go where he pleased.

The offer was gladly accepted, and in 1805 he removed to Philadelphia, with his mother and family. He sawed wood for a living, and soon established such a character for industry and honesty, that many of the citizens were in the habit of employing him to purchase their wood and prepare it for the winter. Upon one occasion, when he brought in a bill to Alderman Todd, that gentleman asked if he had not charged rather high. Daniel excused himself by saying he had an aged mother to support, in addition to his own family; and that he punctually paid his master twenty dollars every six months, according to an agreement he had made with him. When the Alderman heard the particulars, his sympathy was excited, and he wrote a note to Isaac T. Hopper requesting him to examine into the case, stating his own opinion that Daniel had a legal right to freedom.

The wood-sawyer started off with the note with great alacrity, and delivered it to Friend Hopper, saying, in very animated tones, "Squire Todd thinks I am free!" He was in a state of great agitation between hope and fear. When he had told his story, he was sent home to get receipts for all the money he had paid his master since his arrival in Philadelphia. It was easy to prove from these that he had been a resident in Pennsylvania, with his owner's consent, a much longer time than the law required to make him a free man. When Friend Hopper gave him this information, he was overjoyed. He could hardly believe it. The tidings seemed too good to be true. When assured that he was certainly free, beyond all dispute, and that he need not pay any more of his hard earnings to a master, the tears came to his eyes, and he started off to bring his wife, that she also might hear the glad news. When Friend Hopper was an old man, he often used to remark how well he remembered their beaming countenances on that occasion, and their warm expressions of gratitude to God.

Soon after this interview, a letter was addressed to Perry Boots, informing him that his slave was legally free, and that he need not expect to receive any more of his wages. He came to Philadelphia immediately, to answer the letter in person. His first salutation was, "Where can I find that ungrateful "villain Dan? I will take him home in irons."

Friend Hopper replied, "Thou wilt find thyself "relieved from such an unpleasant task; for I can "easily convince thee that the law sustains thy "slave in taking his freedom."

Reading the law did not satisfy him. He said he would consult a lawyer, and call again. When he returned, he found Daniel waiting to see him; and he immediately began to upbraid him for being so ungrateful. Daniel replied, "Master Perry, it was not *justice* that made me your slave. It was the *law*, and you took advantage of it. Now the law makes me free; and ought you to blame me for taking the advantage which it offers me? But suppose I were not free, what would you be willing to take to manumit me?"

His master, somewhat softened, said, "Why, Dan, I always intended to set you free some time or other."

"I am nearly forty years old," rejoined his bondsman; and if I am ever to be free, I think it is high time now. What would you be willing to take for a deed of manumission?"

Mr. Boots answered, "Why I think you ought to give me a hundred dollars.'

"Would that satisfy you, master Perry? Well I can pay a hundred dollars," said Daniel.

Here Friend Hopper interfered, and observed there was nothing rightfully due to the master; that if justice were done in the case, he ought to pay Daniel for his labour ever since he was twenty-one years old.

The coloured man replied, "I was a slave to master Perry's father; and he was kind to me. Master Perry and I are about the same age. We were brought up more like two brothers than like master and slave. I can better afford to give him a hundred dollars than he can afford to do without it. I will go home and get the money, if you will make out the necessary papers while I am gone."

Surprised and gratified by the nobility of soul manifested in these words, Friend Hopper said no more to dissuade him from his generous purpose. He brought one hundred silver dollars, and Perry Boots signed a receipt for it, accompanied by a deed of manumission. He wished to have it inserted in the deed that he was not to be responsible for the support of the old woman. But Daniel objected; saying, "Such an agreement would imply that I would not voluntarily support my poor old mother."

When the business was concluded, he invited his former master and friend Hopper to dine with him; saying, "We are going to have a pretty good dinner, in honour of the day." Mr. Boots accepted the invitation, but Friend Hopper excused himself, on account of an engagement that would detain him till after dinner. When he called, he found that they had not yet risen from the table, on which were the remains of a roasted turkey, a variety of vegetables, and a decanter of wine. Friend Hopper smiled when Daniel remarked, "I know Master Perry loves a little brandy, but I did not like to get brandy; so I bought a quart of Mr. Morris's best wine, and thought perhaps that would do instead. I never drink anything but water myself."

Soon after Daniel Benson became a free man, he gave up sawing wood, and opened a shop for the sale of second-hand clothing. He was successful in business, brought up his family very reputably, and supported his mother comfortably to the end of her days. For many years he was class leader in a Methodist church for coloured people, and his correct deportment gained the respect of all who knew him.

If Slavery were *ever* justifiable, under *any* circumstances, which of these two characters ought to have been the master, and which the slave?

But the benevolence of this Good Samaritan was by no means confined to coloured people. His efforts in behalf of the orphan, the prisoner, and the outcast, were a prominent feature of his life, and ceased only at his death. Here is an instance of his kindness and zeal, entirely characteristic of the noble old man:

THE UMBRELLA GIRL.

A young girl, the only daughter of a poor widow, removed from the country to Philadelphia to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was very handsome; with glossy black hair, large beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." She was just at that susceptible age when youth is ripening into womanhood, when the soul begins to be pervaded by "that restless principle, which impels poor humans "to seek perfection in union."

At a hotel near the store for which she worked an English traveller, called Lord Henry Stewart, had taken lodgings. He was a strikingly handsome man, and of princely carriage. As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was attracted by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were readily accepted by the unsuspecting rustic; for she was as ignorant of the dangers of a city as were the squirrels of her native fields. He was merely playing a game for temporary excitement. She, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation with innocent frankness But she had no dress fit to appear in on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentence would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?"

"I am, I am," she replied, with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me such a question?"

The evident sincerity of her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my presents and invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me."

"What *could* I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?"

Though reared among the proudest distinction of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of the world stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her, the wound was deep. In the solitude of her chamber she wept in bitterness of heart over her ruined air-castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief?

Alas, her wretched forebodings proved to true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested on her way to the store and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly. On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless and determined to die by starvation. The kind hearted Friend went immediately to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with face buried in he hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is no one to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for my own daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say when she knows of my disgrace!"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," he replied. Alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn.

He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he. "The girl is young, and she is the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honoured woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, if he had known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case," replied Hopper. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The kind-hearted man next proceeded to the hotel, and with Quaker simplicity of speech inquired for Henry Stewart. The servant said his lordship had not risen yet. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a stranger, in the plain Quaker costume, should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy. When he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony" against the selfishness and sin of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence weighs upon my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she has been found, distressed him greatly When Friend Hopper represented that the silk had been stolen for *his* sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty-dollar note and offered it to pay her expenses.

"Nay," said Isaac. "Thou art a very rich man, I presume. I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty-dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied the Quaker. "Though much to blame in this affair, thou hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

When the girl was arrested, she had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, and by that means her true name had been kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Stuart the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence forever remained a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Years after these events transpired, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose quickly to meet him, and her voice choked as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" he replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him and said, "You once helped me when in great distress." But the good missionary had helped too many in distress to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then, dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be if it had not been for you!"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Being on a visit in Friend Hopper's vicinity, she had again and again passed his dwelling, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter her courage failed.

"But I must return home to morrow," said she, "and I could not go away without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at him and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation to visit her happy home, and a fervent God bless you!" she bade her benefactor farewell.

With all his devotion to right he preserved a natural mirthfulness, which remained with him in his maturer years, and often effervesced on the surface of his acquired gravity. We give one or two anecdotes in illustration of this trait.

THE DISHONEST CONVERT.

Upon a certain occasion, a man called on him with a due bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been employed to settle. Friend Hopper put it away, saying he would examine it and attend to it as soon as he had leisure. The man called again a short time after, and stated that he had need of six dollars, and was willing to give a receipt for the whole if that sum were advanced This proposition excited suspicion, and the administrator decided in his own mind that he would pay nothing till he had examined the papers of the deceased. Searching carefully among these, he found a receipt for the money, mentioning the identical items, date and circumstances of the transaction: stating that a due bill had been given and lost, and was to be restored by the creditor when found. When the man called again for payment, Isaac said to him, in a quiet way, "Friend Jones, I understand thou hast become pious lately."

He replied in a solemn tone. "Yes, thanks to the Lord Jesus, I have found out the way of salvation."

"And thou hast been dipped I hear," continued the Quaker. "Dost thou know James Hunter?"

Mr. Jones answered in the affirmitive

"Well, he also was dipped some time ago," rejoined Friend Hopper; "but his neighbours say they did'nt get the crown of his head under water. The devil crept into the unbaptized part, and has been busy within him ever since. I am afraid they did'nt get *thee* quite under water. I think thou hadst better be dipped again."

As he spoke, he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The countenance of the professedly pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly.

THE THIEF AND THE DUTCHMAN.

A Dutchman once called upon Friend Hopper, and said, "A tief have stole mine goots. They tell me you can help me, may be." Upon inquiring the when and the where, Friend Hopper concluded that the articles had been stolen by a man whom he happened to know the police had taken up a few hours previous. But being disposed to amuse himself, he inquired very seriously, "What time of the moon was it, when the goods were stolen?" Having received information concerning that particular, he took a slate and began to cipher diligently. After a while, he looked up, and pronounced in a very oracular manner, "Thou wilt find thy goods."

"Shall I find mine goots?" exclaimed the delighted Dutchman: "and where is de tief?"

"Art thou quite sure about the moon?" inquired the pretended magician. Being assured there was no mistake on that point, he ciphered again for a few minutes, and then answered, "Thou wilt find the thief in the hands of the police."

The Dutchman went away, evidently inspired with profound reverence. Having found his goods and the thief, according to prediction, he returned and asked for a private interview. "Tell me dat secret," said he, "and I will pay you a heap of money."

"What secret?" inquired Friend Hopper.

"Tell me how you know I will find mine goots, and where I will find de tief," rejoined he.

"The plain truth is, I guessed it," was the reply, "because I had heard there was a thief at the police office, with such goods as thou described."

"But what for you ask about de moon?" inquired the Dutchman. "You make figures, and den you say, you will find your goots. You make figures again, den you tell me where is de tief. I go, and find my goots and de tief, just as you say. Tell me how you do dat, and I will pay you a heap of money."

Though repeatedly assured that it was done only for a joke, he went away unsatisfied; and to the day of his death, he fully believed that the facetious Quaker was a conjurer.

We have a variety of amusing incidents, showing Isaac's sturdy Quakerism, during a visit to Ireland.

NOT ASHAMED OF THE SHOP.

One day, while he was visiting a wealthy family in Dublin, a note was handed to him, inviting him to dine the next day. When he read it aloud, his host remarked, "Those people are very respectable, but not of the first circles. They belong to our church, but not exactly to our set. Their father was a mechanic."

"Well, I am a mechanic myself," said Isaac. "Perhaps if thou hadst known that fact, thou wouldst not have invited *me*?"

"Is it possible," exclaimed his host, "that a man of your information and appearance can be a mechanic!"

"I followed the business of a tailor for many years," rejoined his guest. "Look at my hands! Dost thou not see the mark of the shears? Some of the Mayors of Philadelphia have been tailors When I lived there, I often walked the streets with the chief Justice. It never occurred to me that it was any honour, and I don't think it did to him."

FRIEND HOPPER IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY.

Upon one occasion, Friend Hopper went into the Court of Chancery in Dublin, and kept his hat on according to Quaker custom. While he was listening to the pleading, he noticed that a person who sat near the Chancellor fixed his eyes upon him with a very stern expression. This attracted the attention of lawyers and spectators, who also began to look at him. Presently an officer tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Your hat, sir!"

"What's the matter with my hat?" he inquired.

"Take it off!" rejoined the officer. "You are in his Majesty's Court of Chancery."

"That is an honour I reserve for his Majesty's Master," he replied. "Perhaps it is my shoes thou meanest?"

The officer seemed embarrassed, but said no more; and when the Friend had stayed as long as he felt inclined, he quietly withdrew.

VISIT TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

One day, when he was walking with a lawyer in Dublin, they passed the Lord Lieutenant's castle. He expressed a wish to see the Council Chamber, but was informed that it was not open to strangers. "I have a mind to go and try," said he to his companion. "Wilt thou go with me?"

"No, indeed," he replied; "and I would advise you not to go."

"He marched in, however, with his broad beaver on, and found the Lord Lieutenant surrounded by a number of gentlemen. "I am an American," said he. "I have heard a great deal about the Lord Lieutenant's castle, and if it will give no offence, I should like very much to see it."

His lordship seemed surprised by this unceremonious introduction, but he smiled, and said to a servant, "Show this American whatever he wishes to see."

He was conducted into various apartments, where he saw pictures, statues, ancient armour, antique coin, and many other curious articles. At parting, the master of the mansion was extremely polite, and gave him much interesting information on a variety of topics. When he rejoined his companion, who had agreed to wait for him at some appointed place, he was met with the inquiry, "Well, what luck?"

"O, the best luck in the world," he replied. "I was treated with great politeness."

"Well, certainly, Mr. Hopper, you are an extraordinary man," responded the lawyer. "I would n't have ventured to try such an experiment."

HAT WORSHIP.

At the expiration of four months, having completed the business which rendered his presence in Ireland necessary, he made a short visit to England, on his way home. There also his hat was objected to on several occasions. While in Bristol, he asked permission to look at the interior of the Cathedral. He had been looking about some little time, when a rough-looking man said to him, in a very surly tone, "Take off your hat, Sir!"

He replied very courteously, "I have asked permission to enter here to gratify my curiosity as a stranger. I hope it is no offence."

"Take off your hat!" rejoined the rude man. "If you don't, I'll take it off for you."

Friend Hopper leaned on his cane, looked him full in the face, and answered very coolly, "If thou dost, I hope thou wilt send it to my lodgings; for I shall have need of it this afternoon. I lodge at No. 25 Lower Crescent, Clifton." The place designated was about a mile from the Cathedral. The man stared at him as if puzzled to decide whether he were talking to an insane person or not. When the imperturable Quaker had seen all he cared to see, he deliberately walked away.

At Westminster he paid the customary fee of two shillings and sixpence for admission. The doorkeeper followed him, saying, "You must uncover your self, sir."

"Uncover myself!" exclaimed the Friend, with an affection of ignorant simplicity. "What dost thou mean? Must I take off my coat?"

"Your coat?" responded the man, smiling. "No, indeed; I mean your hat."

"And what should I take off my hat for?" he inquired.

"Because you are in a church, sir," answered the doorkeeper.

"I see no church here," rejoined the Quaker. "Perhaps thou meanest the house where the church assembles. I suppose thou art aware that it is the *people*, not the *building* that constitutes a church!"

The idea seemed new to the man, but he merely repeated, "You must take off your hat, sir."

But the Friend again inquired, "What for? On account of these images? Thou knowest Scripture commands us not to worship graven images."

The man persisted in saying that no person could be permitted to pass through the church without uncovering his head. "Well, friend," rejoined Isaac, "I have some conscientious scruples on that subject; so give me back my money, and I will go out."

The reverential habits of the doorkeeper were not quite strong enough to compel him to that sacrifice; and he walked away without saying anything more on the subject.

ON THE THRONE.

When Friend Hopper visited the House of Lords, he asked the sergeant-at-arms if he might sit upon the throne. He replied, "No, sir. No one but his Majesty sits there."

"Wherein does his Majesty differ from other men?" inquired he. "If his head were cut off, wouldn't he die?"

"Certainly he would," replied the officer.

"So would an American," rejoined Friend Hopper. As he spoke, he stepped up to the gilded railing that surrounded the throne, and tried to open the gate. The officer told him it was locked. "Well, won't the same key that locked it unlock it?" inquired he. "Is this the key hanging here?"

Being informed that it was, he took it down and unlocked the gate. He removed the satin covering from the throne, carefully dusted the railing with his handkerchief, before he hung the satin over it; and then seated himself in the royal chair. "Well," said he, "do I look anything like his Majesty?"

The man seemed embarrassed, but smiled as he answered, "Why, sir, you certainly fill the throne very respectably."

There were several noblemen in the room, who seemed to be extremely amused by these unusual proceedings.

But the Quakers of New-York did not recognise in the indomitable Isaac, the genuine descendant of George Fox and William Penn. His honesty proved too much for their policy—and he was read out of meeting. We copy the main features of Mrs. Child's full account of this affair.

EXPULSION FROM QUAKER MEETING.

It has been already mentioned that Friend Hopper passed through a fiery trial in his own religious society, during the progress of the schism produced by the preaching of Elias Hicks. Fourteen years had elapsed since the separation. The "Hicksite" branch had become an established and respectable sect. In cities many of them were largely engaged in Southern trade. I have heard it stated that millions of money were thus invested. They retained sympathy with the theological opinions of Elias Hicks, but his rousing remonstrances against Slavery would have been generally very unwelcome to their ears. They cherished the names of Anthony Benezet, John Woolman, and a host of other departed worthies, whose labours in behalf of the coloured people reflected honour on their Society. But where was the need of being so active in the cause, as Isaac T. Hopper was, and always had been? "The way did not open" for *them* to be so active; and why should *his* zeal rebuke *their* listlessness? Was it friendly, was it respectful in him, to do more than his religious Society thought it necessary to do? It is astonishing how troublesome a living soul proves to be, when they try to shut it up within the narrow limits of a drowsy sect!

I had a friend at Boston, whose wealthy and aristocratic parents brought him up according to the most approved model of genteel religion. He learned the story of the Good Samaritan, and was early accustomed to hear eulogies pronounced on the holy Jesus, who loved the poor, and associated with the despised. When the boy became a man, he joined the Anti-Slavery Society, and openly avowed that he regarded Africans as brethren of the great human family. His relatives were grieved to see him pursue such an injudicious and disrespectable course. Whereupon, a witty reformer remarked, "they took most commendable pains to present Jesus and the Good Samaritan as models, but they were surprised to find that he had taken them at their word."

The case was somewhat similar with Isaac T. Hooper. He had imbibed Anti Slavery principles in full flood at the fountain of Quakerism. Their best and greatest men were conspicuous as advocates of those principles. Children were taught to revere these men, and their testimonies were laid up in honourable preservation, to be quoted with solemn formality on safe occasions. Friend Hopper acted as if these professions were in good earnest; and thereby he disturbed his sect, as my Boston friend troubled his family, when he made practical use of their religious teaching.

That many of the modern Quakers should be blinded by bales of cotton, heaped up between their souls and the divine light, is not remarkable; for cotton is an impervious material. But it is a strange anomaly in their history that any one among them should have considered himself guided by the Spirit to undertake the especial mission of discouraging sympathy with the enslaved. A minister belonging to that branch of the Society called "Hicksite," who usually preached in Rose-st. Meeting, New-York, had imbibed very strong prejudices against all modern reforms; and he manifested his aversion with a degree of excitement, in language, tone and gesture, very unusual in that quiet sect. Those who laboured in the cause of Temperance, Anti-Slavery, or Non-Resistance, he was wont to stigmatize as "hireling lecturers," "hireling book agents," and "emissaries of Satan." Soon after Thomas Hughes consented to return to the South, in consequence of the fair professions of Mr. Darg, this preacher chimed in with the exulting tones of the pro-slavery press, by alluding to it in one of his public discourses as follows. After speaking of the tendency of affliction to produce humility, he went on to say, "As a Slave, who had suffered the effects of his criminal conduct had been thus led to calm reflection, recently chose to go back with his master into Slavery, and endure all the evils of that condition, notwithstanding his former experience of them, rather than stay with those hypocritical workers of popular righteousness who had interfered in his behalf. For my own part, I commend his choice. I had a thousand times rather be a Slave, and spend my days with Slaveholders, than to dwell in companionship with Abolitionists."

The state of things among Quakers in the City of New-York, may be inferred from the fact, that this minister was exceedingly popular, and his style of preaching cordially approved by a majority of them One of the editors of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, at that time, wrote a severe, though by no means abusive article on the subject headed "Rare Specimen of a Quaker Preacher." This gave great offence, and Isaac T. Hopper was very much blamed for it. He and his son-in law, James S. Gibbons, and his friend Charles Marriott, then belonged to the Executive Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society: and it was assumed to be their duty to have prevented the publication of the sarcastic article. Charles Marriott was absent from the city when it was published, and friend Hopper did not see it till after it was in print. When they urged these facts, and stated, moreover, that they had no right to dictate to the editor what he should say, or what he should not say, they were told that they ought to exculpate themselves by a public expression of their disapprobation. But as they did not believe the editorial article contained any mis-statement of facts, they could not conscientiously say any thing that would satisfy the friends of the preacher. It would be tedious to relate the difficulties that followed. There were visits from overseers, and prolonged sessions of committees: a great deal of talking *with* the accused, and still more talking *about* them. A strong disposition was manifested to make capital against them out of the Darg Case. Robert H. Morris, who was presiding Judge while that case was pending, and afterward Mayor of New-York, had long known Friend Hopper, and held him in much respect. When he was told that some sought to cast imputations on his character, he was greatly surprised and offered to give favourable testimony in any form that might be desired. J. R. Whiting, the District Attorney, expressed the same readiness; and private misrepresentations were silenced by a published certificate from them, testifying that throughout the affair Friend Hopper had merely "exhibited a desire to procure the money for the master, and the manumission of the Slave."

The principal arguments brought by Friends, against their members uniting with Anti-Slavery Societies, was that they were thus led to mix indiscriminately with people of other denominations, and brought into contact with hireling clergymen.—There seemed some inconsistency in this objection, coming from the mouths of men who belonged to Railroad Corporations, and Bank Stock Companies, and who mingled constantly with slaveholders in Southern trade: for the early testimonies of the Society were quite as explicit against Slavery as against a paid ministry. However, those of their members who were Abolitionists were willing to obviate this objection, if possible. They accordingly formed an association among themselves for the relief of those held in Slavery, and the improvement of the free people of colour. But when this benevolent association asked for the use of Rose street Meeting-house, their request was not only refused, but condemned as disorderly. Affairs were certainly in a very singular position. Both branches of the Society of Friends were entirely inert on the subject of Slavery. Both expressed pity for the slave, but both agreed that "the way did not open" for them to *do* anything. If individual members were thus driven to unite in action with other sects upon a subject which seemed to them very important, they were called disorganizers. When they tried to conciliate by forming an association composed of Quakers only, they were told that "as the Society of Friends saw no way to move forward in this concern, such associations appeared to reflect upon *them*;" implying that they failed in discharging their duty as a religious body. What could an earnest, direct character, like Isaac T. Hopper, do in the midst of a sect thus situated? He proceeded as he always did. He walked straight forward in what seemed to him the path of duty, and snapped all the lilliputian cords with which they tried to bind him.

Being unable to obtain any apology from their offending members, the Society proceeded to administer its discipline. A complaint was laid before the Monthly Meeting of New York, in which Isaac T. Hopper, James S. Gibbons, and Charles Marriott, were accused of "being concerned in the publication and support of a paper calculated to excite discord and disunity among Friends." Friend Hopper published a statement, characterized by his usual boldness and disturbed his mind very little about the result of their proceedings. * * * *

The ecclesiastical proceedings in this case were kept pending more than a year, I think; being carried from the Monthly Meeting to the Quarterly, and thence to the Yearly Meeting. Thirty-six Friends were appointed a committee in the Yearly Meeting. They had six sessions, and finally reported that, after patient deliberation, they found eighteen of their number in favour of confirming the decision of the Quarterly Meeting; fifteen for reversing it; and three who declined giving any judgment in the case. Upon this report, the Yearly Meeting confirmed the decision of the inferior tribunals: and Isaac T. Hopper, James S. Gibbons and Charles Marriott were excommunicated; in Quaker phrase, disowned.

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Protests and disclaimers against the disownment of these worthy men came from several parts of the country, signed by Friends of high character; and many private letters were addressed to them, expressive of sympathy and approbation. Friend Hopper was always grateful for such marks of respect and friendship; but his own conscience would have sustained him without such aid. He had long felt a deep sadness when he was reminded of the *spiritual* separation between him and the religious Society, whose preachers had exerted such salutary influence on his youthful character; but the *external* separation was of no consequence. He attended meeting constantly, as he had ever done, and took his seat on the bench under the preacher's gallery, facing the audience, where he had always been accustomed to sit, when he was an honoured member of the Society. Charles Marriott, who was by temperament a much meeker man, said to him one day, "The overseers have called upon me, to represent the propriety of my taking another seat, under existing circumstances. I expect they will call upon thee, to give the same advice."

"I expect they won't," was Isaac's laconic reply; and they never did.

But we have already exceeded our limits. We will only add that Mrs. Child has performed the task of preparing this biography in a manner worthy of her high literary reputation. She has thrown a poetical halo around the life of her venerated friend, without disguising or exaggerating its essential facts. In the beautiful frame-work, in which she sets forth his history, it assumes a rich dramatic interest, though it does not lose for a moment the expression of nature, which belongs to a picture of real life.—*Tribune.*

"THE PILGRIM MOTHERS!"

AT the last celebration in San Francisco, of the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the Mayor of the city, Capt. Brenham, read a note which he had received from a lady in reply to a request of his that she would send him a toast for the occasion. The note was read as a fit introduction to the toast itself, and then was drank amidst the most enthusiastic applause, as it deserved to be, and with overflowing bumpers. It is perhaps too much to expect that any body should ever think it worth while to allude to that event without having licked the Blarney Stone of New England, and that this lady had is clear—though with the back of her tongue, it may be—as she is so possessed with its spirit as to talk of women being honoured in that section of country where almost every home is a harem in every thing that makes a harem most vile and detestable, though in nothing that makes it tolerable to its victims. However, the letter in the main is a good one, and is appropriate just now when a late celebration is reminding the world anew of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is as follows

"I am surprised that a man of your gallantry should be at a loss for a toast on an occasion like this. I say surprised, because I know that you are not such a humbug as these Puritanical, straight-faced, hypocritical, psalm-singing Pilgrim *Fathers*, whom I hold in utter detestation. You came from the *South*, where we do honour to whom honour is due,"—I mean to the *women*. For more than two hundred years this flagrant act of injustice to the gentler sex has been tolerated and countenanced by the *men* until it has ceased to appear an injustice to them. For two hundred years *men* have usurped so quietly all the honours of Plymouth Rock—have given themselves dinners and *toasted* themselves, and made *speeches* about themselves, *their* privations, *their* hardships, *their* dangers and persecutions, that a stranger never would suppose that there ever had been a *woman* within a thousand miles of Plymouth Rock.

"'The Pilgrim Fathers' forsooth! What had they to endure in comparison to the 'Pilgrim Mothers'? It is true they had hunger, and cold, and sickness, and danger—foes without and within—but the unfortunate Pilgrim Mothers! they had not only all these to endure, but they had the Pilgrim Fathers also! and yet their names are never mentioned. Who ever heard of the Pilgrim Mothers? Whoever gives a dinner in honor of them? Whoever writes songs, drinks toasts, and makes speeches in recollection of them? This self-sufficiency on the part of men is beyond all endurance. One, to hear them, would actually suppose that New England had been colonized by men, and posterity provided by a special act of Providence! Only Mrs. Hemans has ventured to insinuate that there ever was a woman in the case—that the Mayflower ever brought anything but men across the Atlantic. I assure you, my dear friend, that I am perfectly disgusted with the self-conceit of the men—they appropriate everything to themselves—even the settlement of a colony, and the peopling of a whole continent. I did hope there was one prerogative they would leave to woman. We have submitted quietly to their inventions for superseding us in many things—to their sewing machines and other 'fixings,' but we will not tamely submit to this one privilege—we will not allow ourselves to be deluded into the belief that New England was settled and peopled entirely by Pilgrim Fathers. How could they have been Fathers if there had been no Mothers? And I hope, dear Captain, that I have succeeded in convincing you that you will be lending yourself to an act of great injustice towards us if you do not propose for your toast,

"'THE PILGRIM MOTHERS!'"

THE CHINESE IDOLOCLASTS.

It used to be the practice, and, for all we know, is so still, in English schools, for young fellow-countrymen of Shakspeare and Milton, to be requested to commit to memory a certain number of *notables* connected with the various kingdoms of the habitable globe. Among these were some of the things which Lord John Manners, in his fits of poetical frenzy, would willingly see die; but there were other things, which everybody, at least for decency's sake, professes a strong desire to see surviving in their highest possible form. "Chief towns," "Government," and "principal products" are, like all earthly things, mutable, and may alter without producing sensible effects on the fate of the world. But "religion" is of a far deeper significance, and any change in that respect must necessarily produce a very different effect on the public mind. The expression a "Christian Turk," could not but agitate the feelings of any one who has received a proper education. We do not exactly remember what was the term used in our "first lessons" to describe the *culte* [illegible] *gieur* of the Chinese; we retain only indistinct remembrances of "pagodas," and "Confucius." But we certainly never anticipated that the day would come in our time when anything approaching a Christian faith could be predicated of a large portion of the population of China, or when Christianity stood a fair chance of becoming the national religion of the once exclusive realm of Buddha. Such, however, appears really to be the case. We read the first accounts of the *Christian* character of the Revolutionary movement in the Celestial Empire, with a considerable amount of incredulity. We were afraid that some of the singular hallucinations as to the limits of truth and falsehood, which have given a peculiar signification to the word "Americanism" had been wafted across to the opposite shores of the extreme East, and affected the proverbial strictness in these matters of our brethren in the land of the Tea-plant. But succeeding accounts from two quarters have given a considerable amount of authenticity to the